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A KISS FOR A BLOW.

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# KISS FOR A BLOW,

OR, A COLLECTION OF

STORIES FOR CHILDREN;

SHOWING THEM

HOW TO PREVENT QUARRELLING.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

"Love your enemies."

"Overcome evil with good."

NEW EDITION,

WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS, BY BILLINGS.

BOSTON:

LEE AND SHEPARD.

1869.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by

HENRY C. WRIGHT,

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STEREOTYPED AT THE  
BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

TO  
ALL CHILDREN  
*This Volume*  
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,  
BY  
THE AUTHOR,  
WHOSE  
EARNEST DESIRE  
IS TO BE  
THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.



## P R E F A C E.

---

AFTER I had determined to publish this little work, I tried to find a title that would be at the same time attractive and appropriate. I thought and thought, but could not hit upon one that suited me.

One day I visited a school in an upper room of a private dwelling in Philadelphia. I conversed with the children on the sweet spirit of peace, and the revengeful spirit of war; I tried to show them how much more pleasantly they could live together without fighting. I told them I was about to publish a book for children, on the subject of peace; and I related several of the stories which I intended to put into it.

After I had finished my conversation with them, I came down into the parlor. Soon after, several of the children came running down stairs, and rushed into the room. "What name are you going to give to your little book?" they all inquired. "I hardly know what to call it," said I. "Suppose I should call it, 'A KISS FOR A BLOW;' how would that do?" "That is first-rate," said they all. From that moment my mind was decided to give it this title. 'A KISS FOR A BLOW!' It is a "first-rate" title. It exactly

expresses the spirit and design of the book. All will know what to expect to find in it, as soon as they read the title. The book is for children; and who are better judges of a "first-rate" title for a book written expressly for themselves?

As I was leaving the house, a little boy came up to me with a roguish look, doubled his fist, and whispered, "If I strike you, will you *kiss me*?" "My dear boy," said I, "I will kiss you without the blow." I did so, and went away rejoicing that I had found a "first-rate" title.

In all cases in which we must take the alternative, either to suffer and die, or to inflict suffering and death on our enemies, the spirit of peace says, Suffer and die. Its prayer is, "Father, let me suffer: forgive and spare mine enemy." It is the spirit of self-sacrifice. It is a generous, noble spirit — daring, heroic, and at the same time sweet and gentle — the spirit of LOVE — the Spirit of GOD. It makes us prompt to suffer, but slow to injure — fearless to die, but afraid to kill. The man of peace is never timid, except when called to injure a brother man: he smiles at death, when he is himself the victim.

Beautiful illustrations of this gentle but daring spirit abound among children. In the nursery, at the fireside, around the table, in the school, and in the play-ground, childhood is full of touching incidents, exhibiting all the fierce, revengeful passions which arm nation against nation, kingdom against kingdom, and deluge continents with the blood of the slain and the tears of widows and orphans. Quarrels among children, which end in black eyes and bloody faces, are the same in spirit and principle as wars between nations, that desolate countries, lay cities in ruins, and strew the



earth with the dead and dying. The child illustrates the man; and children fighting for a toy afford an illustration, in miniature, of nations contending for empire.

I dearly love the company of children. They have been the darling playmates and the sweet solace of my life; and so completely have I learnt to identify my life with theirs, that while I am with them I forget, and they forget, that I am other than a child. I am glad the world is full of children. To me, earth, with all its other charms, were a gloomy waste without them. I love to feel as a little child. There is no solace in affliction so sweet as the sympathy of children; there is no music so enchanting as their unaffected, joyous laugh. I am never so happy, and the gentle spirit of humanity never breathes so freshly and cheeringly into my heart, as when I am surrounded by a company of affectionate, merry children. Their presence is never annoying to me. I long for their society.

Children have regarded and treated me as a companion; and as such, they have allowed me to share in their griefs, their toils, their joys, and their plays. It is a precious privilege to be admitted to behold the ever-varying mysteries of humanity. The heart of childhood has been laid bare before me. I do not believe there is a child on earth who will not recognize himself, or herself, in some of the stories of this book; and their hearts will respond to the truth of what is written.

My appeal is to the hearts of children. Most of the stories in this volume were taken fresh from childhood's realities, and children will not often ask whether they are true or fictitious. They are, with few exceptions, **SIMPLE FACTS**, which have occurred under my own observation; and many of the names to which I

refer are those of living children. During the last fifteen years, I have been an inmate of more than one thousand families, and have addressed more than fifty thousand children, and recorded hundreds of incidents, that serve to illustrate the gentle, loving spirit of peace, and the malignant, bloodthirsty spirit of revenge. Much have I conversed with children about the duty of loving their enemies, and returning good for evil. Very many disputes and quarrels have I adjusted among them, and many of their sayings and doings have I written down, just as they occurred. I now give some of these to the world in this little book, wishing I could put a copy into the hand of every child who has contributed so much to the happiness of my existence. They would read it, I know; and as they read, they would call to mind days and scenes that have passed away.

Dear, joyous little playmates! I wish I could impart to you as much pleasure and instruction as you have given to me. I have tried to hold up a moral mirror, in which you may see your hearts as you see your faces in a looking-glass. May the loving spirit of peace be ever with you!

HENRY C. WRIGHT

DUBLIN, December 23, 1842.

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# A KISS FOR A BLOW.

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## CHAPTER I.

### WHO IS MINE ENEMY?

#### *Ellen and Charlotte.*

ELLEN was a dear little child, six years old. I was once at her father's house. One morning, as I sat writing in my room, Ellen came in and began to talk. I stopped writing, and talked to her.

"Ellen," said I, "have you any *enemies*?"

"I have one," said she.

"Who is that one?" I asked.

"Charlotte Eastman," said she.

“What makes you think Charlotte is your enemy?”

“Because,” answered Ellen, “she acts as if she *hated* me.”

“What does she do to you?”

“When I take my seat in the school,” said Ellen, “she pushes me away, and is unkind to me. She takes my books and hides them. She snatches my playthings and breaks them; and when I meet her she will not look at me, or speak to me.”

“How does such treatment prove that she is your enemy?”

“If she loved me, and was my friend,” said Ellen, “she would not try to injure me.”

All who hate and injure us, or threaten to injure us, are our enemies. HOW SHOULD WE TREAT OUR ENEMIES? It is the object of this book to answer this question.

## CHAPTER II.

## HOW FIGHTS BEGIN.

*Amelia, Anne, and the Atlas.*

THESE two sisters lived in Pennsylvania. Amelia was ten, and Anne seven years old. I asked them some questions in geography one day, and they answered promptly and correctly. But, as I observed that when one answered first the other did not look pleased, I suspected they sometimes quarrelled. So I inquired, —

“Do you, sisters, ever quarrel?”

“Yes,” said Amelia, “sometimes.”

“What do two little sisters, who eat, sleep, and play together, find to quarrel about?” I asked.

Said Amelia, “Anne took my atlas this very morning, and would not let me have it when I wanted it.”

“What did you do to her then?”

“I snatched it away,” answered Amelia.

"Why did you not let her look at it a while, and then she would have given it up? It was not very kind and sisterly to snatch it away from her."

"But I wanted it," said Amelia; "it was mine, and she had no business to keep it when I wanted it."

"But if you had felt a loving and sisterly spirit towards Anne, you would have been glad to let her keep it a while and look it over, even if you did want it. It would have given you more pleasure to let her look at it than to snatch it from her."

"But she was cross, and struck me," answered Amelia, "when I tried to take it from her."

"She did not strike you till you snatched it away, did she?" I asked.

"No," said she.

"Then what did you do to her?"

"I struck her in return."

"Then what did Anne do?"

"She struck me again, harder."

"Then you struck her harder still. did you?"



"Yes," answered Amelia.

"Now, why did you strike her at all?"

"Because," answered Anne quickly, "I struck her."

"Why did you strike her, Anne, at first?"

"Because she snatched the atlas from me," said Anne.

"And why did she snatch it from you?"

"Because," retorted Amelia, "she would not let me have it when I wanted it."

"So you, two sisters, who ought never to have a hard feeling or unkind word between you, were angry with each other, and struck at, and fought with, each other merely about an atlas. I should think, Amelia, that you would rather let Anne keep your atlas as long as she lived than fight with her about it, and thus occasion one moment's interruption of your sisterly affection."

Quarrels among brothers and sisters generally begin in some such foolish way, and about some trifling thing.

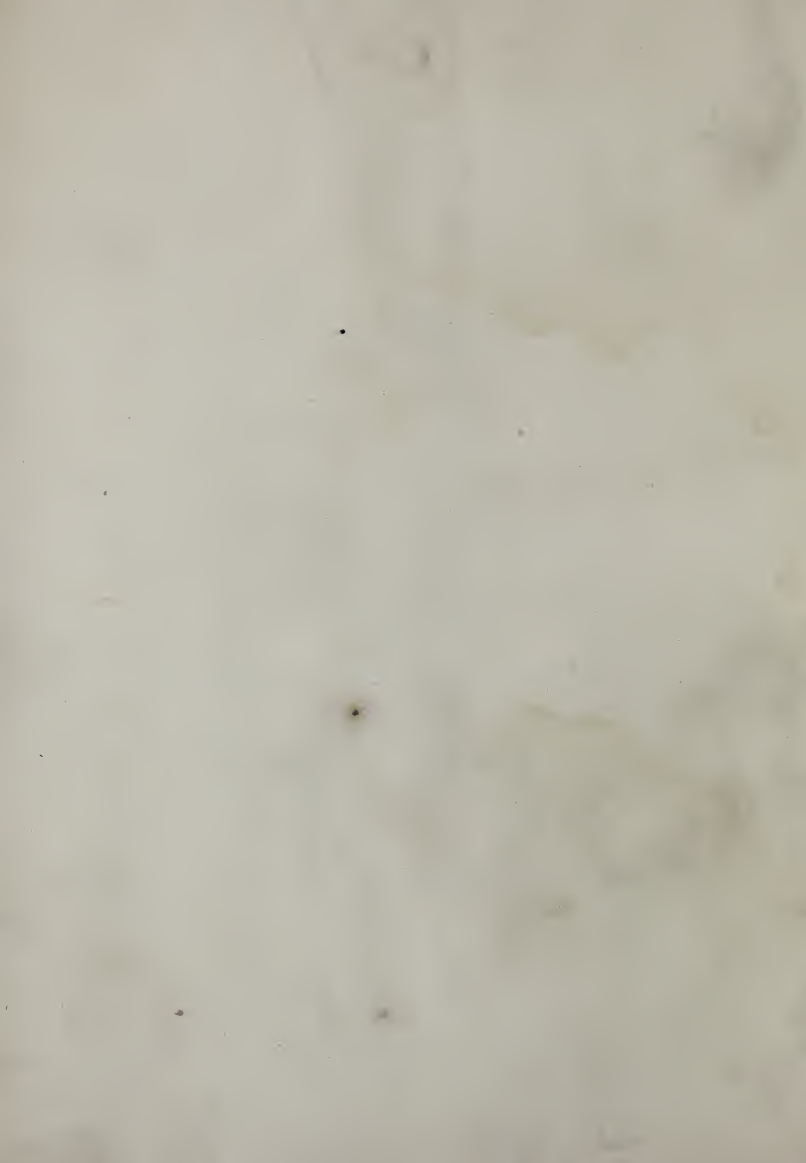
*Frank, Otis, and the Gate.*

In Massachusetts, I once witnessed the following scene : —

Passing along a street, I saw, at a little distance before me, two boys, who were brothers, come out of a house, and run towards a gate leading from the dooryard into the street. Otis, the younger, came to the gate first. In pure fun and frolic he shut the gate, and placed himself against it in such a way as to prevent his brother from opening it and going out. Frank seized the gate and tried to open it, and Otis tried to prevent him. They pulled and struggled, the one to open it, the other to keep it shut. At first they seemed only to play. They laughed and frolicked about it. Soon, however, they began to get excited and angry, each striving for the mastery, and using provoking and unkind language. At last, the older pulled the gate open, and, in so doing, hurt his brother. But Otis was evidently a great deal more angry than hurt. He was angry because



ORIN, OTIS. AND THE GATE.



Frank had proved the stronger, and more angry still to hear him boast of his victory. Otis flew at his brother in great wrath, and declared he would kill him. Both became very angry. All brotherly love was gone. But Frank, being the older and stronger, soon hurled his brother down on his back, in the mud, held down both his arms, and pounded violently on the poor fellow's breast with his knees. They both looked as if they would kill each other if they could. As I came up, Frank rose up from his brother ; but Otis was so bruised and stunned that he could not get up without help, or stand when he was up.

This hateful quarrel between two brothers began in mere play. But it would never have happened if these boys had learned how wicked it is, and how displeasing in the sight of God, for his children to quarrel with and injure one another. I suppose they thought it *brave* to fight, as many other foolish children do. If Frank thought Otis was holding the gate on purpose to annoy him, he ought to have waited pleasantly till Otis was

willing to open it, and not have tried to force it open, at the risk of hurting his brother. Otis would not have held it long, and then they could have gone out and had a pleasant play together. Or, if Otis had opened the gate as soon as he saw that Frank was becoming cross and angry, there would have been no quarrel, and both the boys would have felt kind and happy. Brothers should never do any thing in play merely to try each other's temper, lest it should lead to a quarrel.

---

*James and Addison. — Calling names.*

I AM accustomed to visit the Orphan Asylum in Philadelphia, and to talk with the children. One day I said, "Children, those of you who have been angry since I was here may raise your hands." Several hands were raised.

"Well, James," I said, "what made you angry?"

"Addison ate my bread," said he,

"And did that little matter make you angry with him?"



"Yes, sir," he replied.

"What, then, did you do to him?"

"I called him names."

"What did you call him?"

"I called him '*bush*,'" said James. (*Bush* is a term of great reproach among the children in this asylum.)

"Did you feel any better natured towards him after you had called him '*bush*?' " I asked.

"No, sir."

"How did it make you feel, if it did not make you love him better?"

"It made my anger feel better," said James.

"How? Did you feel less angry after you had called him '*bush*?' "

"No, sir, but my anger felt *pleased*," said he.

"That is it, James; your anger was gratified. But if your anger had not been satisfied by calling him '*bush*,' what would you have done?"

"It was satisfied," answered James.

"But if it had not been satisfied, and if your anger wanted to do more to him than call him

‘*bush*,’ what could it have prompted you to do next?”

“To strike him,” said he.

Anger is not always, or often, satisfied with calling names — with using reproachful and bitter words. It is seldom appeased without blows; and often nothing but blood can satisfy it. This is the way bloody fights begin. First, we are angry with some little thing that others do to us. Then, instead of keeping our anger in, and overcoming it in our hearts, we let it out in reproachful and bitter words; then in hard blows with our fists, or with clubs and stones; then in shooting or stabbing with guns and swords. And all perhaps because some other person, more hungry or more needy than we, had taken our piece of bread. The beginnings of almost all the fights among children and others are of no more importance than the beginning of the quarrel between James and Addison.

*Joseph, William, and their Kites.*

THESE two boys were flying their kites on Boston Common. Joseph was standing in a good place, and his kite rose the higher. William, to make his kite go up as high as Joseph's, came and stood near him. Joseph was angry, and told him to go further off, or their strings would get entangled together, and that would bring them both down. But William did not heed him, and his kite soon rose the higher. Their strings became twisted together, so that both must fall unless one of them let go. William boasted that his kite rose the higher. This made Joseph angry. He pulled out his knife, and in a moment cut William's string. Down came his kite, rolling, pitching, and tumbling in the air, till it fell into the pond on the Common. This enraged William. He did not stop to vent his anger in calling names, but flew at once upon Joseph, and began to beat him in his face and eyes with his fists. Joseph let go his kite to strike in return,

and down it fell into the pond, close by William's. The boys — children of a common Father in heaven — grasped each other, threw each other down, bit, kicked, and struck each other, till their faces and hands were covered with blood. William beat and bruised Joseph more than Joseph did him, and then he boasted how he had beaten him, and how he would do so again. And there were other boys that joined William in his cruel boastings. Finally, they got their kites out of the pond, and went home to show their wounds and bruises to their parents. How did their parents feel when they saw them? How must our heavenly Father feel when he sees his children fight?

See what a quarrel was here about flying kites! Each wanted to fly his kite the higher. Then, because William's rose the higher, Joseph was angry, and cut William's string, and let his kite fall into the pond. Then William struck Joseph, and Joseph struck William; and they had a bloody fight, till both were sadly bruised

and wounded. All about flying their kites! What a poor, pitiful affair, to have such a wicked fight about! But it was no worse for them to fight about that little matter, than about any other. It is as right to fight about little things as about great things; and, if children must fight, they may as well fight about one thing as another. But I wonder that every body does not see how wicked it is to fight at all.

---

*William, Jannette, and Charles.*

THESE children lived in Boston. William was the oldest. He was a domineering, tyrannical little boy, and loved to make his little brother and sister do as he chose. He would often command them to go here and there, and do this and that, merely to gratify his domineering temper, and for the pleasure of seeing them subject to his will. And when they would not do just as he

told them, he would kick and strike them, and punish them in other ways.

One day their mother left them in a room together, telling William to take care of Jannette and Charles. She might have known, from William's imperious temper, how he would take care of them. I soon heard William's voice, in a loud and angry tone, ordering his brother and sister about; telling them to do this or that, or he would strike them; always enforcing his commands with this, or some other, provoking threat. Jannette and Charles grew angry and obstinate, and would no longer obey orders issued in such unbrotherly language. William executed his threat, and cuffed their ears. They struck him in return, and kicked him. William considered this an insult to his dignity, and he became more angry, and cuffed them the harder. They resisted, and began to scream and fight, and William became enraged, and kicked and stormed. So there they were, two brothers and a sister, fighting furiously!

Their mother heard the noise, and came in. "What is the matter?" said she, as she entered the room. "A few minutes ago, I left you all in peace and love, and now you are fighting, and ready to tear out each other's eyes. What occasioned this quarrel?"

The children did not like to tell. At last William said, —

"Jannette and Charles would not obey me."

"What did you do to them, because they would not obey you?"

"He struck us on our heads," answered Jannette and Charles.

"What did you then do to him?" asked the mother.

"They struck me harder than I struck them," cried William.

"Then I suppose you struck them harder still," said the mother; "and thus you, who ought to live in love, fought angrily together."

Why was this angry fight! Jannette and

Charles would not obey William; William scolded and threatened; they grew sullen and obstinate; they did not like to be ordered about and threatened by their brother. William struck them because they would not obey him; then they struck William, because he struck them. Thus they got into the heat and turmoil of a pitched battle — all because Jannette and Charles would not obey William! But what business had William to order them about so, and insolently threaten to strike them if they did not obey him? None at all. Nor had he any right to strike them because they did not obey him. He had no business to set up his will above theirs, and punish them because they would not submit to it. William's lust of power and dominion over his brother and sister was the cause of all this trouble; and their determination to resist that power by violence increased it.

Thus, many furious and bloody fights among children originate in a mean and selfish desire to rule over each other, and order each other about.



Children should leave ruling to their parents. They are unfit to wield power over one another. Most of the wars and fightings among men, as well as among children, have originated in this desire to domineer over one another.

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## CHAPTER III.

### COST OF FIGHTS AMONG CHILDREN.

WHEN children fight, their clothes are frequently torn and injured. This is of little account, compared with other losses. Children are not unfrequently maimed and crippled for life, in quarrels originating in the most trifling circumstances. Sometimes a fight costs them their lives. Things as trivial as taking a piece of bread, snatching an atlas, shutting and holding a gate in play, calling one another names, or ordering

each other about, have occasioned the loss of a limb, or even of life, to children.

---

*Albert, Michael, and the Ball Club.*

THESE two boys were brothers; Albert was twelve, Michael nine years old. They generally lived together as happily as most brothers do. But sometimes they would quarrel; and when they were angry with each other, they were very furious, and reckless of each other's limbs and lives, so that their parents were even uneasy at times, lest in a fit of anger one should kill the other. They talked to them, and warned them against anger, and against striking each other with fists and clubs, and throwing stones at each other. The boys, when not angry, appeared loving and kind, and would promise not to strike and throw stones at each other.

One day, they were earnestly engaged in a game of ball. Michael had the club, and had

just struck the ball. Albert caught it — at least he said he did, and declared it was his turn to strike it. Michael said that Albert did not catch it, but that he wanted to cheat, and should not have the club. Albert said he must have it. They grew angry while struggling for the club. Then Michael ran away with the club. Albert took up a stone and threw it at him. The stone flew, as if winged with the wrath and fury of him who threw it, and struck Michael on the knee. It cut a deep hole on the joint. In a little while the wound became painfully sore, and Michael lost the use of his leg. It turned to a white swelling ; and the leg had to be cut off above the knee to save his life.

All this pain, and suffering, and maiming for life, were caused by a quarrel about a ball. Michael lost his leg in defending his right to keep a ball-club ! For this trivial cause, Albert inflicted on his brother unspeakable suffering, and made him a helpless cripple for life. This was a costly fight, and for a worthless object.

*An Eye for a Pin.*

Two boys, named Abel and George, were at the same school in New York. Each was about ten years old: they were not brothers, but school-mates and class-mates. Both of them had irritable tempers, and had been taught to think that they must resent injuries, and defend their rights at all hazards. Playing *pin* was a common amusement in the school. They played in this way: two boys would take a hat, and set it down between them, crown upward. Each boy would lay a pin on the crown of the hat, and push it — first one boy would push the pin, and then the other. He who could push the pins so as to make them lie across each other, became entitled to them both. One day during play hour, Abel and George were playing pin. They pushed the pins about for some time. Both became much excited by the game. At last, Abel pushed the pins so that, as he said, one lay across the point of the other. George denied



AN EYE FOR A PIN.



it. Abel declared they did, and snatched up both pins. George's anger broke forth in a moment, and he struck Abel in the face with his fist. This excited Abel's wrath. They began to fight — the other boys clustering around, not to part them, but to urge them on. Some cried, "Hit him, Abel!" and some, "Give it to him, George!" thus stimulating them to quarrel. The boys seized each other, and finally came tumbling to the ground, Abel uppermost. Then Abel, in his fury, beat George in the face, till the blood spouted from his nose and mouth, and he lay like one dead. Then the boys pulled Abel off. But George could not get up. The boys began to be alarmed. They were afraid Abel had killed him. The teacher was called. He carried George in, and washed the blood from his face and head, which he found bruised in a shocking manner. One of his eyes was so hurt and swollen that he could not open it. And from that day the sight of it grew more and more dim, till it became blind.



*An eye for a pin!* It was a dear bargain. Yet there was as much sense in their fighting, and putting out each other's eyes, for a pin, as there would have been in doing the same thing for a kingdom. It is just as displeasing to our heavenly Father, to see human beings fighting for a kingdom as for a pin. Two nations may as well go to war for a pin as for an empire. It is wrong to fight for either.



*North-enders and South-enders.*

THERE are a North-end and a South-end to the city of Boston; and the children of the different Ends were once as much estranged from each other, as if the Atlantic Ocean rolled between them. They lived in a state of perpetual hostility, and often disturbed the whole city by their quarrels. Clubs, with stones, brickbats, and other missiles, were used in these fights between the North-enders and South-enders.



The following story was told me by a man, who, when about ten years old, was engaged in the fight: —

“A few of the South-end boys met some of the North-end boys in an open square, near to the place where Cornhill now stands. One of the North-enders knocked off the hat of one of the South-enders. The South-ender struck the North-ender. The North-ender struck him in return. Then they fought as furiously as wolves. The North-ender got the South-ender down. The South-enders all rushed to the rescue of their comrade. Then the North-enders came to the help of theirs, so that the fight became general. News of the battle soon spread. South-enders and North-enders came pouring in from all parts of the city, arranging themselves according to the side of the line on which they happened to have been born; for those who lived at the South-end must side with the South-enders, and all who lived at the North-end must side with the North-enders. No matter which side was in

the right ; but after the war was declared, and the fight had commenced, each one must fight for his end of the town, whether right or wrong ; and he was branded as a traitor, who would not fight for his end, though he knew it to be in the wrong. Several hundred boys, on each side, attacked each other with stones and brickbats, clubs and fists, till late in the evening — the older people looking on, but not interrupting the bloody fight. They thought perhaps that such conflicts tended to give courage and hardihood to their boys. Several had their limbs broken, some had their teeth knocked out, two or three had their eyes put out, and one was so injured that he died, leaving a poor widowed mother to mourn his loss.”

All this bruising, maiming, mutilating, and killing, was caused by one boy knocking off another's hat ! But it is as right for boys to mutilate and kill each other for knocking off a hat, as for men to maim and murder each

other for insults or for kingdoms. Both are wrong.

England and France lie about twenty miles apart: the Straits of Dover lie between them. Within four hundred and fifty years, the French and English have been at war two hundred and twenty-six years; and on both sides twenty-six millions of men have been slain. No reason can be assigned for these wars, more valid than this; that the French live on the south side of the Straits of Dover, and the English on the north. On the north side is *England*; on the south side, *France*; therefore they killed each other, as the boys of Boston did. The only reason these could assign for their mutual hostility was, that one party were South-enders, and the other North-enders. All who were born in the North-end were bound, by birth, to defend the honor and reputation of their end; and all who were born in the South-end were bound to stand up for their end. The reputation of either end depended not on doing right, but upon gaining a

victory. The reputation of the North-enders would be more injured by being beaten by the South-enders, than by committing the grossest wrongs and outrages on them. They were birth-right enemies, as they were taught to believe. A North-ender, in the opinion of South-enders, was not a brother and a playmate, but simply and solely a North-ender — an enemy. A Frenchman, in the estimation of England and English diplomacy, is not a friend and a brother, but a Frenchman. So, as Englishmen and Frenchmen look upon each other as birthright enemies, they meet and kill each other. What can be more wicked or more foolish ?



*Augustus, Eugene, and the Top.*

Two boys, named Augustus and Eugene, in a southern city of the United States, were playing top. They had but one top, and spun it around alternately. At first they played pleasantly, but

they soon became excited and angry, and began to speak unkindly. Eugene said, "It is my turn to spin the top." "No, it is not—it is mine," said Augustus. They became angry about it. Augustus at length said to Eugene, "*You lie.*" Eugene struck him. Augustus returned the blow. They seized each other in a great rage; and in the scuffle Eugene took a long sharp knife from his pocket, and stabbed Augustus, so that he died in a few moments!

Thus Augustus lost his life, and Eugene became a murderer, while attempting to decide whose turn it was to *spin a top*! The life of one human being was destroyed, and the other became a poor guilty murderer, merely for the sake of a top!

But men sometimes destroy one another for less cause—even for a word. Witness the conduct of duellists. Almost every week the papers bring accounts from the slave states, of persons being murdered, and of persons becoming murderers, merely through calling names! John

calls James a coward, or some name that has no more meaning than "*bush*." James's honor is wounded; it lies bleeding, and must be healed. So he calls on John to meet him at a certain place and time, to give him a chance of shooting him, or of being shot. They meet. Both take loaded pistols, and stand up ten paces apart. James holds his pistol in his right hand, and John holds his in his right hand. James points his pistol at John, and John points his at James. Then somebody tells them to fire. Each fires his pistol at the other. Neither hits. Then they load, and fire again. James hits John in the leg, but John does not hit James at all; yet John's honor is healed, though his leg is wounded, and he would be glad that they were friends again. But James will not be his friend; he longs to have another shot at him! Thus John and James seem determined to murder or be murdered, merely because one called the other names! They would rather be murdered, or become murderers, than be called names. James's honor

must be flimsy stuff, if it can be injured by a name! What a pitiful affair to fight about! How do these men appear in the sight of their common Father in heaven, when they stand there with pistols, trying to shoot each other? No worse than did the British and the Americans, when they tried to shoot each other in battle. It is no worse for two individuals to fight with pistols, than for two nations to fight with swords and guns. Both are wrong, because it is impossible for two individuals, or two armies, to fight and kill each other in kindly affection and brotherly love.

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*Ten thousand human Beings butchered for the  
Sake of an old Bucket.*

AMONG the principal cities of Italy, there is one called Modena, and another called Bologna. About seven hundred years ago, some soldiers belonging to Modena took a *bucket* from a well in Bologna, and carried it away. The old bucket



was of no value, and might have been replaced for a few pence; and it is said that the soldiers took it away in a mere frolic. But the people of Bologna took the theft as a great insult. They declared war against Modena, and had a long and bloody conflict about it. More than ten thousand human beings were butchered because of the *old bucket*!

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*Two hundred thousand Men butchered for the  
Sake of a Tax of three Pence a Pound upon  
Tea.*

THE United States were once colonies, and under the government of Great Britain. Great Britain claimed a right to tax the colonies *without their consent*. So, without consulting them, the British government passed a law that the colonies should pay a tax of three pence on every pound of tea that was brought into America. Britain did not say that the colonies should buy the tea. She only said, "If



you do buy the tea, you must pay me a tax of three pence on every pound." The colonies said, "We will not pay that tax." Great Britain said, "You shall." "We will not," said the colonies. "Then I will shoot you," said Great Britain. So Great Britain sent over ten thousand men to kill the people of the colonies, because they resisted a tax, *imposed without their consent*, of three pence a pound upon tea. The colonies sent out their men to meet them. The British came to Boston, and fought with the people of the colonies. They continued to fight and destroy each other for seven years. Two hundred thousand men, women, and children were slain; and perhaps twice as many more were wounded. After they had thus gone on tearing each other to pieces, both sides got tired, and agreed to stop and rest a while. All these human beings were murdered, merely because the colonies refused to pay a tax imposed on them without their consent.

## CHAPTER IV.

SURE WAY TO PREVENT ALL WARS AND  
FIGHTINGS.

THERE is no need of fighting among children. They can be happier without it. They cannot obtain peace and comfort by fighting. The spirit of peace never results from war ; the spirit of love never results from hatred. To fight in order to settle our difficulties is always dangerous to both parties, and to every individual concerned. Disputes among children, or men, can never be settled in this way. On the contrary, they are always increased. It takes two, or more, to fight. One cannot fight alone. There must be two parties — the hater and the hated ; the striker and the stricken. Now it is always in the power of the injured party to prevent a fight. If a person strike me, and if I keep cool, and show a kind and loving spirit towards him, and

do not strike in return, I can soon overcome him, and make him ashamed; but the moment I become excited and angry, and begin to seek for revenge, I lose all influence over him. Thus it depends on the injured party to prevent fighting and to make peace. Therefore, in trying to show how wars may be prevented, and all difficulties settled without fighting, I shall address myself solely to the injured person or party.



*William, Julia, and the two Apples.*

THESE two children lived in New Hampshire. William was seven, and Julia five years old. I was at their house, and one day witnessed the following scene. Their mother gave each of them an apple. William's was the larger. Julia was angry with her brother because her mother gave him the larger apple. She began to scream and stamp, and she flew at William and struck him, and snatched his apple from him. Her

mother took it from her, and gave it back to William. Julia was more angry than before. William was a generous-hearted boy, and he begged his mother to let him give his apple to his sister. After some hesitation, she consented. William put his arm round his sister, and offered her his apple, without even asking for hers. Julia took it and began to eat it. But she ate it as if she did not relish it. "What is the matter with the apple, Julia?" said I; "is it not sweet?" She hung her head, and said nothing. She evidently felt uncomfortable. She saw that William had no apple, while she had two. "I do not wonder," said I, "that you cannot enjoy your apple, Julia, after you have shown such a selfish spirit, and while William has no apple." She began to sob, and William tried to comfort her, and told her he would rather she should keep them both. This made her cry more. At last, Julia gave William back his apple, and seemed to feel much happier when he took it. Had William contended for the best

apple, and struck Julia when she struck him, there would have been a fight between them. But William prevented this, and conquered Julia by kindness and submission to injury.

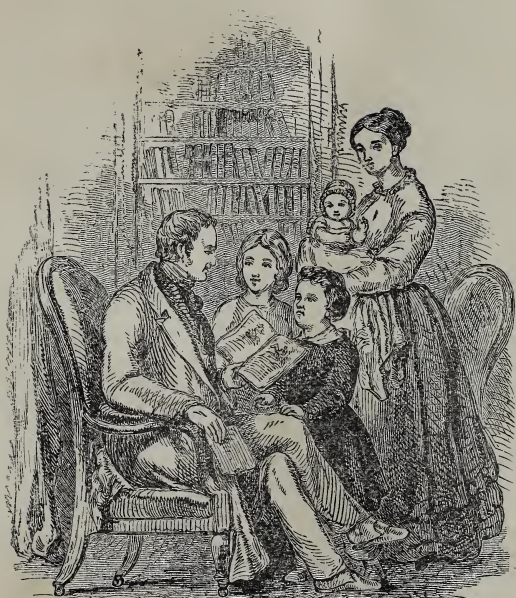
One day I was talking to William, and playing with him, and trying to get well acquainted with him. Julia saw us; she came up and pushed William away, and appeared to be angry with him. She was angry because she thought I liked him better than I liked her. But her brother was not to blame, if I did like him better. She certainly had no right to be angry with him. She should have been angry with me, if with any body. "Julia," said I, "do you not wish me to love William?" She hung her head, and was silent. "Are you not willing that I should love him, and play with him, as well as with you?" She kept her head down, and would not answer. But William felt much for her, when he saw her look so confused. Said I, "William was talking about you, when you came in and pushed him away. He was telling

me how he loved you, and how he wanted me to love you ; and he said, the more I loved you, the better he should like me ; and that he would rather every body should love you, and play with you, than love him, and play with him. Now you are angry with him ! O, Julia, how selfish and ungenerous you are ! ” William pitied his sister, and tried to comfort her, and reconcile her to herself, and he succeeded. Thus he again conquered his angry sister, without any fighting. She pushed him, indeed, and was angry ; but William loved her, and did not push her in return.

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*Adeline, Frank, and the two Books.*

THESE children lived in New Hampshire. Adeline was eight, Frank six years old. Their father bought two books for New Year's presents. One of them was full of pictures and interesting fables. On the morning of New Year's day the children rose early, washed and dressed



HARTWELL

ADALINE, FRANK, & THE BOOKS.





themselves, and came to their father for their books, which he gave them. They examined them both, and concluded that the one which contained the pictures and fables was the better of the two, and now it was to be decided who was to be the owner of it.

“Well,” said their father, “who shall have the one you admire the more?”

Adeline stood by her father, with her arm round Frank; and she instantly and cordially replied, —

“Father, I wish Frank to have that.”

“Why, my daughter?”

“Because, father, I always feel happier when he gets the best things, and Frank always lets me have his things when I want them.”

“Well, Frank, what do you say? Do you wish for the better book?”

“No, father, I wish you would give it to Adeline; for she is always kind, and shows me her things, and lets me do as I please with them.”

What could their father do? Adeline insisted

that Frank should have the book full of pictures, and Frank that Adeline should have it. Here was a singular dispute — I fear there are not many like it — each contending for the right and the privilege of giving up the best things to the other ! Such contests among children always endear them to their parents, and to one another. The father of Adeline and Frank was quite delighted to see the sweet and affectionate contest, and he pressed them to his heart more affectionately than ever. But finally he gave the book they preferred to Adeline, and wrote her name in it. Frank evidently felt more pleased than Adeline. He was delighted to give the best of every thing to his kind-hearted sister.

This is a certain way to prevent all strife among children. If they contend for the right to give up, there can be no fight. But had Adeline said, “I will have that book,” and Frank said, “No, you shall not — I will,” and had each felt angry, and contended to keep it rather than give it up, how miserable would they have been !

antidote against all fighting — “*Never hunch when others crowd.*” And she drew it directly from her own personal experience. She said what she felt. This made it all the better. There sat the little girl — crowded up — her arms squeezed down to her side — she could hardly move or breathe; yet there was no anger, no quarrelling, simply because she did not “hunch.”

Let all children act upon this maxim, and never “hunch when others crowd,” and it would be impossible to get them into a fight. When other children are angry with you, and pinch, strike, or kick you, or destroy your things, or try to provoke you by calling you names, or in any way crowd upon you, and try to injure you, do not return anger for anger, and evil for evil; but affectionately and lovingly suffer wrong, and others will seldom crowd upon you. It was thus that Jesus acted.

How few children act as this sweet-tempered little girl did. Many are selfish, and want to have all the best things for themselves, and are

not willing that others should be more comfortable than they. That is the reason why there is so much quarrelling among children. They do not love each other so well as they love themselves. But selfishness always makes them unhappy. If this little girl had crowded upon the other children, it would not have done her any good, for they would have crowded upon her more than before, so that she would have been more heated and more uncomfortable.



### *The Boy and the Boatmen.*

A YOUNG lad was once rowing me across the Merrimack River in a boat. Some boatmen, going down the river with timber, had drawn up their boat, and anchored it in the spot where the boy wished to land me.

“There!” he exclaimed, “those boatmen have left their boat exactly in my way.”

“What did they do that for?” I asked.



THE BOY AND THE BOATMEN.



“On purpose to plague me,” said he; “but I will cut it loose, and let it go down the river. I would have them know I can be as disagreeable as they can.”

“But, my lad,” said I, “you should not plague them because they plague you. Besides, how do you know that they left their boat there on purpose to vex and to trouble you?”

“But they had no business to leave it there — it is against the rules,” said he.

“True,” I replied, “and yet you have no business to send their boat down the river. Would it not be better to ask them to remove it out of the way?”

“They will not comply, if I do,” said the angry boy, “and they will do so again.”

“Well, try for once,” said I. “Run your boat a little above, or a little below theirs, and see if they will not assist you, when they see you are disposed to give way, in order to accommodate them.”

The boy complied; and when the men in the



boat saw the little fellow quietly and pleasantly pulling at his oars, in order to run his boat ashore above them, they took hold of his boat and helped him, and wheeled their boat around, and gave him all the accommodation he wished for.

Thus, by submitting pleasantly to what he believed was done to vex him, the boy prevented a quarrel. Had he cut the rope, at that time and place, and let their boat loose, it would have done the boatmen much damage. There would have been a fight, and many would have been drawn into it. But the boy, who considered himself the injured party, prevented it all by a kind and pleasant submission to the inconvenience.

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*Putting the Nation into a Posture of Defence.*

I WAS once playing with about fifty little boys in a small yard. The snow was more than two feet deep all over the yard, and it was so damp



that it might be rolled up into any shape we pleased. We plunged into the snowdrifts, some of which were five feet high ; we rolled up great balls, and made houses, and steeples, and all sorts of things out of the snow. At last it was proposed that we should play *war*. I am opposed to children's playing war. I would rather see them play something that is right and useful, and that will help to foster in them kind and loving feelings towards one another. Playing war tends to excite angry and revengeful feelings. However, they fell to. Dividing the yard into countries, by running a line through the middle, they called one side England, and the other America. They then divided into two parties — one party they called the English, the other the American nation. After they were thus separated, each party chose a leader. They put me into the English nation, and that nation made me their king, to be the commander-in-chief of their army, the defender of their faith, and head of their church, and to lead out their army and fight their battles. After

they had arranged all these things, I called them all together, to deliberate on the course to be pursued. The first thing to be done was to put the nation into a posture of defence. I made a speech to them, to stir them to this work.

“There,” said I, “is the American nation lying close beside us. They are a covetous, ambitious, bloodthirsty nation. They will trespass on our rights, invade our territory, and insult our flag ; (we had tied a red silk handkerchief to a pole, and hoisted it up for our banner ;) they will take away our liberty, destroy our institutions, invade our firesides, and stain our hearth-stones with the blood of our wives and children, unless they see us prepared for them. I would propose that the nation be put into a posture of defence, and that all our revenue that can be spared be appropriated to this object.”

I sat on a high throne, made of pure snow, clean and white ; and my devoted, happy subjects were around me, sitting or standing in the snow. They all voted to put the nation into a

posture of defence, so that we might be prepared to meet our neighbors, the Americans, when they should attack us.

“How,” said I, “shall we go to work, in order to put our nation into a posture of defence, so that our enemies over the way will not dare to attack us?”

Arthur, who was an intelligent, active, daring little boy, and whom I had made my prime minister, arose and said, —

“I propose that we build forts all along our frontier, where our country borders on America.”

Henry, who was full of decision and activity, said, —

“Let us employ workmen, some to make swords, guns, and cannon, and some to make powder and ball; and let us establish arsenals in different places all over the kingdom.”

William arose and said, “I propose that we form artillery, rifle, cavalry, and infantry companies, and establish a military academy.”

All, except one boy, agreed that these things

must be done. He was a blue-eyed, mild-looking, gentle-hearted, intelligent, and active boy, and he was a general favorite, dearly beloved by all his companions. His name was Frank, and he had been with me, and had heard me speak a great deal. Frank said, —

“I think the best way to put ourselves into a posture of defence, is to take all our money, and buy food and clothes ; so that if our enemies are hungry, we may feed them ; and if they are naked and cold, we may clothe them.”

My merry subjects set up a shout, and laughed at Frank’s proposition.

“How will that defend us against our enemies, if they attack us ?” asked Arthur, my prime minister.

“They never will attack us,” said Frank, “when they see us armed with nothing but food and clothes, to be given to them in time of need.”

“How will that keep off such a set of cruel enemies ?” asked Henry.

“When they see us coming out to meet them

with such good things, they will see we love them, and do not mean to hurt them, even if they hurt us," replied Frank.

After they had discussed the subject for a long time, and become much interested in it, they asked me what I thought about it. "I think," said I, "that Frank is right."

The boys looked surprised, for but few of them had ever heard me speak on the subject of peace.

"I thought you would agree with *me*," said Arthur.

"I do not agree with you," I answered; "on the contrary, I agree entirely with Frank, that we should be in a better posture of defence against our enemies, by being provided with food, with which to feed them if they are hungry, than we should be if we were to get swords and guns to kill them."

"I do not see how that can be," said Arthur.

So the king and his prime minister were opposed to each other, as to the best way of putting the nation into a posture of defence.

"I can prove it to you," said I to the boys, "so that every one of you will agree with me."

"I doubt whether we shall agree with you," said Arthur; "for Washington said, '*In time of peace prepare for war.*'"

"That," said I, "is precisely what I wish to do; but how to do it is the question."

"There is but one way to prepare for war," said Arthur, "and that is to get swords and guns to kill our enemies when they attack us."

"Do you suppose our enemies would ever attack us," I asked, "if they knew we loved them, and meant never to injure them?"

"They never could be our enemies, if they knew that," said Arthur.

"Just so," said I; "in such a case we should have no enemies. Could you attack and try to kill those by whom you knew you were loved?"

"No," said Arthur and William; "nobody could do so."

"Then," said I, "others will not injure us, when they know we love them."

We had all become quite excited by the debate.

“I will put the question to the vote,” said I, “and we shall see how you decide. All you who think that you could not kill those who love you, and try to do you good, may raise your hands.”

Every boy raised a hand, and some of them both hands.

“All you who think that others will not be your enemies, nor try to kill you if they know you love them, may raise your hands.”

Every one raised a hand.

“Now,” said I, “which is the better way to convince our enemies that we love them, and never mean to harm them—to get swords and guns to kill them, or food and raiment to feed and clothe them?”

They were all silent, and Arthur and William looked round at the other boys to see what they thought. They all felt that I was right.

“See, boys,” I said, “suppose you were all my enemies, and that you were coming to attack me.



I love you, and I wish to make you *feel* that I love you. Should I surround myself with swords and guns to kill you, how should you feel ? ”

“ I don’t think we should suppose that you loved us much,” said Daniel, “ if you had swords and guns to kill us.”

“ But,” said I, “ suppose, when I see you coming, I spread out an abundance of all good things to feed and refresh you ? ”

“ That would look more as if you loved us,” said Daniel ; and so they all said.

“ Could you possibly feel that I loved you, and never meant to hurt you,” I asked, “ when you saw me armed with deadly weapons, and prepared to kill you ? ”

“ No,” said Miles ; “ for if you loved us, and did not mean to hurt us, you would not have guns and swords to kill us.”

“ I propose,” said I, “ that we call in our enemies, the Americans, to decide the question.”

“ Agreed ! agreed ! ” said all my merry little subjects, who had by this time got pretty close to



their king, and lost all fear of him. So I called to the Americans to come over to our country, and help us to decide whether we should get guns and swords to fight them, or good food to feed them. Over they came in a hurry, disbanding their army without regret.

“Boys,” I said, after they had all gathered round me, “we were deliberating how we should be best prepared to conquer you, if you should attack us. The question is, whether we shall get swords and guns to kill you, or should you prefer cakes and pies to feed you?”

“O,” they all said, “get the cake and pie to feed us by all means!”

“Do you think others would ever hurt you,” I asked, “if they felt that you loved them and tried to do them good?”

“No!” they all shouted.

“Could others,” I asked, “be made to feel that you loved them, and never meant to injure them, while they saw you with guns and swords in your hands prepared to kill them?”

“No,” was the general shout.

“Would they,” I asked, “feel that you loved them, if they saw you preparing to feed them if they were hungry, and to clothe them if they were naked?”

“Yes!” shouted every one.

“How then,” I inquired, “shall we put ourselves in the best posture of defence?”

“By throwing away all our swords and guns, and getting lots of cake and pie, and all good things, to feed them,” said Frank; and all the boys joined him now.

We were two hours talking this matter over. Finally, I abdicated my snow-white throne, both nations broke up without playing war, and I parted from my happy subjects, after they had passed a vote of thanks to me for my *peaceful* reign. This story reminds me of an incident that happened in a stage coach.

*The Colonel. — Scene in a Stage Coach.*

I WAS riding in a stage-coach in Massachusetts. It was full of passengers. There was one gentleman whom the others called *Colonel*. He talked a great deal about expending fifty millions of dollars, to put the country into a state of defence.

"It would be a happy thing," I said. "It is just what the nation needs, for it is in great danger. It ought to be put into a state of defence."

"I hope," said he, "Congress will appropriate all the surplus revenue for that purpose."

"So do I," I replied.

He began to think I was on his side, and to make quite free with me.

"But," said I, "we may differ as to the best way of putting the nation into a state of defence. How would you do it?"

"Why," said he, "there is but one way."

"What is that?" I asked.

"To build forts and fortifications," said the

colonel, "all along our sea-coast, and on our frontier; to build more ships of war; to increase the army and navy; to fill the nation with implements of war, and improve the military system."

"I thought we should differ," said I. "Now I believe every gun and sword, every fort and ship of war, and every soldier, only adds to our danger. These are the very things that portend our ruin. We have too many of them. If we had not one, we should be safer."

"How then," he asked, "would you put the nation into a posture of defence?"

"I would take the money and use it to make all the people love their enemies, and be willing to die rather than kill them; to make all the world *feel* that we loved them, and that we had no means or disposition to hurt them in any way. Then we should be in a posture of defence. The people would all be armed with a power, before which no nation could stand. No nation would desire to invade us. No nation could do it. Would not this place the nation in a better posture of defence than forts, armies, and navies?"





JULIA, SOPHIA, & THE WHORTLEBERRIES.

He confessed that it would, if the whole nation would adopt this method.

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*Julia, Sophia, and the Huckleberries.*

IN the summer of 1830, I visited a school in Boston, in which were about twenty children, between four and nine years of age.

“Do your children often fight?” I asked the teacher.

“They can answer for themselves,” was her reply.

“Well, children,” said I, “what do you say?”

They were silent.

“Are you willing that the teacher should tell me?” I asked.

“Yes,” said they all.

“What do you say?” I asked the teacher.

“Have you had any quarrels among the scholars lately?”

"Yes," said she; "four of the boys quarrelled about some marbles, no longer ago than yesterday."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"During play hour," said the teacher, "they were playing, and each was trying to take the other's marbles. Two of the boys were successful in the play, and took away almost all the marbles from the other two. Those who had lost their marbles grew angry, and accused the others of cheating, and called them cheats. This made those who had won feel angry, and they called the others names. They soon came to blows, and then had a fight."

I talked to the children about this matter, and showed them how the boys might have done better without fighting.

"I believe," said the teacher, "the children have a question to ask you."

"What is it, children?" I asked.

"Please tell us," said one of the boys who had fought about the marbles, "what the gospel



means when it tells us, ‘*Look not every one upon his own, but every one upon the things of others*’ ?”

“I will tell you,” I replied, “a beautiful story to illustrate this precept.

“One warm day in summer, I was riding through some woods in New Hampshire. A school-house stood near. The woods were full of ripe huckleberries, and many of the children were in the woods, enjoying a merry time in picking them. I felt, as I always do when I see children in such glee, as if I must join them, and have a merry time with them. I alighted from my gig, tied my horse to a tree, and went towards them. They were all strangers to me, and I to them. I did not join them at once, for fear they should run away, and leave me nothing but the trees and the huckleberries, which I did not desire half so much as I did their company. I *picked* my way along, and kept moving towards them, till I came amongst them. I then began to talk with them. At first they were a little shy of me. They did not know how much I

loved them, and how I longed to play with them. But they soon became acquainted with me, and we were very familiar. I stained their hands and faces with berries. Then they stained mine; for when I play with children, I always wish them to say and do to me just what I say and do to them. We ran, played, and made the woods ring with our merry voices and joyous laugh. We should have been puzzled to tell what made us run, and laugh, and shout so; but we were so happy, that we could not help it. We were so full of joy, that we could not contain it.

“After a while, we all stopped playing, and began picking and eating berries.

“There were two girls, about eight years old, named Julia and Sophia, picking berries a little way from me. I could see and hear all that passed between them. Julia had found a cluster of bushes that were fairly black with the largest and sweetest berries. She said nothing to Sophia, who was looking about for berries a few steps from her. She did not cry out to Sophia, as an

unselfish, loving-hearted girl would have done, 'O, Sophia! see what nice berries I have found! Do come and pick some!' But she sat silently and secretly down, as a miser sits to count his gold, and she began to pick and eat with great greediness. She acted as if she were fearful Sophia would see them, and come before she had eaten them all. After a few minutes, Sophia happened to come where Julia was, and saw how fine and plentiful the berries were; so she began to pick them too. She did not think that Julia would be unwilling to let her have part, for there were more than both of them could eat. But as soon as Julia saw Sophia picking the berries, her selfishness kindled into anger, and she cried out, 'Get away! you have no business here.'

" 'Are you not willing, Julia, that I should have some of these?' said Sophia.

" 'No,' said Julia, 'you shall not have them.'

" 'I think,' said Sophia, 'that you will let me have some of them; they hang so thick together, and are so nice.'

“‘You shall not have one of them,’ said Julia, in a passion; ‘for I found them first.’

“‘But that is no reason,’ said Sophia, ‘why you should have them all, because you found them first.’

“‘Yes, it is,’ said Julia, ‘and you shall not pick any more.’

“She gave Sophia an angry push. Sophia stooped to break off a little bush that hung very full of berries, and as she did so, said, —

“‘There are enough for us both, Julia. You cannot eat them all. Do let me have this cluster.’

“As she was about to break it off, Julia broke out, —

“‘I don’t care; whether I want them or not, you shall not have them, for they are mine. I found them *first*; so begone.’

“She then flew at Sophia, and pushed her away with great violence; and in doing so, entangled Sophia’s clothes, and tore them, and threw her down. Her face was cut by the fall,

and the blood ran freely. All our merriment was now gone. The selfishness and ill temper of Julia had driven it all away. I went to Sophia, took her up, and wiped the blood from her face ; and all the children, except Julia, left off picking berries, and gathered around to sympathize with Sophia.

“ Although Julia had hurt Sophia greatly, she did not cry ; she did not get angry, and call names, and strike in return ; nor did she say, ‘ I will tell the schoolmistress.’

“ ‘ Do you feel angry towards Julia ? ’ said I to Sophia, after we had soothed and comforted her with our sympathy.

“ ‘ No,’ said she, ‘ I am sure I do not.’

“ ‘ Do you think,’ said I, ‘ that you can love her, and play with her, just as if she had allowed you to take those berries, and had not pushed you down ? ’

“ ‘ Yes,’ said Sophia, ‘ I am sure I can, if she will love me, and play with me.’

“ ‘ But,’ said I, ‘ Julia does not love you ; if

she did, she would have been glad to share those berries with you. It is evident that she does not love you, or she would not have torn your clothes and cut your face so.'

" 'No matter,' said she, 'I love her, and will play with her, at any time, if she will play with me.'

" 'How could Julia be so selfish and angry, and tear your frock, and cut your face in that manner?' said I. 'See how she looks!'

" All looked at Julia.

" 'She looks as if she were sorry she did it,' said the generous Sophia. 'Don't you think she is?'

" 'She doesn't look sorry at all,' answered Johnny, a boy about Sophia's age; 'she looks cross and ill tempered.'

" So said all the children. By these remarks I found that Julia was not much liked by the rest, and that Sophia was greatly beloved.

" 'Do you think she tore your gown and cut your face on purpose?' said I to Sophia.

“‘No,’ said she, ‘I do not think she did.’

“‘Yes, she did,’ said some of the children ; ‘she meant to do it ; she is an old cross-patch.’

“‘Do not say so, children,’ I said. ‘I am afraid you do not love Julia, any of you.’

“‘No, we don’t,’ muttered several ; ‘she is so cross and disobliging.’

“‘Do you think she is glad she tore your gown, and cut your face?’ said I to Sophia.

“‘No,’ said she. ‘Yes she is,’ said the other children. ‘She meant to do it, and she will do it again, if she can.’

“‘I am sorry, dear children,’ said I, ‘that you feel so towards Julia. She looks as if she might be a good and generous girl, if she would govern her temper, and get rid of her selfishness.’

“‘She learns her tasks well,’ said the forgiving and self-forgetting Sophia ; ‘and the teacher says she is the cleverest scholar in the school.’

“Thus we talked. Sophia always took Julia’s part ; and though Julia had been so unkind and cruel to her, she showed that she loved her, and



felt even more for her than for herself. She wished that Julia would love her, and that all the school might love Julia.

“ Sophia, and all the rest but *one*, became quite merry and joyous again. That *one* was Julia. Where was she? Poor child! There she sat by her cluster of huckleberries, so near to us as to hear all that was said about her. She picked and ate silently and alone, pretending to enjoy it. But my heart ached for her, to see how miserable and forsaken she seemed. She looked down-hearted and sad, when she heard Sophia, the girl whom she had so unkindly treated, pleading for her. Julia’s handsome, intelligent face (for she had the brightest eyes, and had been the most joyous and active in our sports, of any of the children) now looked distorted and miserable. I thought to myself, I will not leave her so. I will see if we cannot bring her to a better mind, and make her happy again. So I whispered to Sophia, and asked, —

“ ‘ Do you really love Julia, and wish to make



her love you, and get her to join us again, and have another play?’

“ ‘Yes,’ said she, ‘I greatly desire Julia to love me, and to play with me.’

“ ‘Well, dear Sophia,’ I said, ‘do you feel as if you could go to her, and kiss her, and ask her to love you, and to come and play with us?’

“A hard lesson! Sophia hung her head at first. She doubted how Julia would receive it, if she went to kiss her. I was afraid she would falter. She looked at Julia. There she sat by her berries, pretending to be picking and eating, but really looked as if her poor little heart was ready to break. It was but a moment that she hesitated. Her generous affection for Julia triumphed. She went straight towards her, with her arms stretched out to embrace her. Julia saw her coming, and instantly turned her back, and covered her face with her hands, and began to weep. The next instant Sophia had her arms round her, weeping too! Julia returned the embrace. Her heart had been full of grief, and

ready to burst, from the moment she saw the blood running down Sophia's cheek. But her feelings had been pent up. Now they burst forth in a flood of sympathizing tears and sisterly embraces. Julia was received back to our love. The children seemed to forget all their dislike to her, and she tried to make amends for the wrong she had done to us by her selfishness and cruelty to Sophia. She tried as eagerly to make us happy as she had before to make us miserable. We all ran, laughed, and shouted, till the woods resounded with our joyous peals, and the very birds flew away, and the squirrels ran into their nests, they were so astonished at us!

“After I had spent about two hours with them, they all gathered about me. We bade one another farewell, and parted. As I rode off, the children all stood in the same spot, looking after me, with wet eyes and cheeks, and I looked back towards them, sorrowing that I should never meet the dear joyous group again. It was a time never to be forgotten.”

After reading this story from my journal, I asked, —

“Children, do you find any thing in this story that will show what is meant by looking not upon your own, but rather upon the things of others?”

“Yes, sir; in Julia’s conduct,” answered one.

“How does Julia’s conduct show it?” I asked.

“Julia,” said they, “looked upon her own things, and did not look upon Sophia’s at all.”

“How did Sophia do?” I asked.

“She looked upon Julia’s things as well as on her own,” was the reply.

“Is there any thing in this story to show how to prevent quarrels among children?” I asked.

“Yes,” said one, “in the conduct of Sophia. When Julia tore her gown and cut her face she was not angry, and did not strike in return.”

“What did she do?” I asked.

“She went to her,” answered one, “and put her arms round her, and kissed her, and asked her to love her and play with her.”

“What effect,” I asked, “had Sophia’s affection and tenderness on Julia?”

“They overcame her,” said one, “and they loved each other better than ever; and you all played with her, and ran and laughed pleasantly together.”

“I wish I had been there too, to help you,” said a joyous-hearted little boy near me.

“I wish you had been there, my little lad,” said I. “You would have helped us to laugh and shout, I doubt not. But see how easily Sophia prevented a fight, and how completely she conquered Julia.”

“It was first rate!” said a little boy.

“Indeed it was, my dear boy,” said I; “and if any one ever pushes you down, cuts your face, or in any way hurts you, I hope you will overcome him by love and kindness, as Sophia did Julia.”

*Standing up for Rights.*

I WAS once in the city of Buffalo, attending a Temperance Convention. I was invited to visit the schools, and to talk to the children on temperance and peace ; and I had a special meeting with them for this purpose. I became acquainted with many kind and generous-hearted children there, and some of them were Indian children. I have seen many Indian children together, and I never saw them get angry with one another and fight ; and I have heard it said that they never do so.

There were several little children belonging to the family in which I was a guest. These children were quarrelsome. Before they were up in the morning, I often heard them calling names, and quarrelling, and saying one to another, in an angry tone, "I will tell father of you." Then they would call to their father, "Father, James kicked me ;" "Father, Charles has pulled the clothes off ;" "Father, James is pushing me out

of bed," &c. At the table, when their mother helped them, instead of eating what she gave them, pleasantly and gratefully, James looked at Charles's plate to see if he had not got the largest piece; and Charles looked at James's plate for the same reason; and Jane looked at her brothers' plates, and if she found that they had larger pieces of any thing than she had, she would say in a cross tone, "I will have the biggest piece," and spitefully push her plate away, or knock it to the floor, food and all, and then set up a scream. In their plays they generally began to quarrel before they had played ten minutes. Something always went wrong with them.

Their parents were sorry for these things. They had no comfort in their children, they quarrelled so much. They were ashamed to let them come into the room when they had company. One day they spoke to me about it, and asked me what they should do to prevent their children from quarrelling. As I thought I saw the cause of the difficulty, I related to them the following story: —

I was travelling in the railroad cars between Boston and Lowell, with a Vermont farmer. He had two boys at home; Thomas was ten, and Jesse eight years old. As I knew them well, I inquired after them. He said he found great difficulty in managing them.

“Why?” I asked.

“They seem,” said he, “to delight in fighting with each other, and often seem ready to tear each other to pieces.”

“How happens it?” I asked. “They are no worse tempered than other children. Why should they fight more?”

“I don’t know,” said he, despondingly; “I hardly know what will become of them.”

“Perhaps,” said I, “you have not taught them properly.”

“I try,” said he, “to bring them up in the way they should go.”

“Do you teach them,” I asked, “to love their enemies — to forgive — to turn the other cheek when smitten — and to overcome evil with good?”



"Yes," said he, "I am careful to teach them all these things; yet they are fiery tempered, revengeful, and quarrelsome. I am afraid they will come to a bad end."

"It is strange," said I, "that children so well taught should be so revengeful and quarrelsome. What do you tell them to do when others insult them, or strike them, or crowd upon and abuse them in any way?"

"O, as to that," said he, "I teach them always *to stand up for their rights*, and never to submit to insults and injuries without showing a proper and manly resentment."

"That is the secret of the evil," I replied. "No wonder they fight; for what do they understand by standing up for their rights?"

"Why, they know what that means," said he: "it means never to allow themselves to be trampled upon."

"Yes," said I; "so when Thomas in any way does that which Jesse sees fit to consider an insult or injury, Jesse stands up for his rights, and



a fierce and angry brawl ensues ; and when Jesse does any thing which Thomas sees fit to call an injury, Thomas stands up for his rights, and beats and bruises Jesse. Thus your sons are quick to resent injuries ; each is prone to construe the acts of the other into insults. To vindicate their honor, they are taught to be selfish, unforgiving, revengeful. I think you had better teach them differently, and instruct them to forgive, and never to resist injuries ; or you may grieve when too late."

When I had related this story, the father and mother acknowledged that they had, in many ways, taught their children each to prefer his own interest in the first place, to those of others.

"No wonder," said I, "that each contends for the best of every thing, and screams and fights if he does not get it ; and that they so often quarrel and grieve your hearts."

*Charles, James, and Jane, at Table.*

It was in the afternoon that the above conversation took place. At supper we had a hurricane among the children. The parents, myself, and the children, sat around the table. We had eaten our bread and butter, and the mother was serving up a custard pie. She put a piece on my plate, then one on the father's plate; and while she was doing so, the children were teasing and fretting for their portion. Then she helped them. She first put a piece on Charles's plate, she then gave a piece to James, and then one to Jane. Each watched the others' pieces, to see whose pile was largest. Charles found his was the largest, and boasted, "My piece is the largest — mine is the largest." James and Jane saw that it was. Jane's was nearly as large, and she did not complain; but when James saw that his piece was less than either of the others, he began to tease his mother for a larger piece.

"Eat first what I have given you," said his mother, mildly.

"I want a larger piece, I must have it," said he.

He tried to snatch Charles's piece; but his mother prevented him. Then he screamed, knocked his plate and pie to the floor, and struck Charles and Jane because they had pieces larger than his. They struck him in return, and for a moment all was uproar and confusion. I could not but pity the poor children, and their parents too.

At last their mother took the pie from them all, because they quarrelled about it; and when they became more calm, I told them what I had seen happen the evening before, in the family of one of their neighbors.



*Lydia giving the better Peach to her little Brother.*

LAST evening, said I, I supped with Lydia's father and mother. Before supper, Lydia, her parents, and myself, were sitting in the room

together, and her little brother Oliver was out in the yard, drawing his cart about. Their mother went out and brought in some peaches, a few of which were large, red-cheeked *rareripes* — the rest small, ordinary peaches. The father handed me one of the *rareripes*, gave one to the mother, and then one of the best to his little daughter, who was eight years old. He then took one of the smaller ones, and gave it to Lydia, and told her to give it to her brother, who was about four years old. Lydia went out, and returned in about ten minutes.

“Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?” asked her father.

Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

“Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?” asked her father again, a little sharply.

“No, father,” said she, “I did not give him *that*.”

“What did you do with it?” he asked.

“I ate it,” said Lydia.

“What! did you not give your brother any?” asked her father.

“Yes, I did, father,” said she. “I gave him mine.”

“Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?” asked her father, rather sternly.

“Because, father,” said Lydia, “I thought he would like mine better.”

“But you ought not to disobey your father,” said he.

“I did not mean to be disobedient, father,” said she; and her bosom began to heave and her lips to quiver.

“But you were, my daughter,” said he.

“I thought you would not be displeased with me, father,” said Lydia, “if I gave my brother the larger peach;” and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

“But I wanted you to have the larger,” said her father; “you are older and larger than he is.”

“I want you to give the best things to my brother,” said the noble girl.

“Why?” asked her father, scarcely able to contain himself.

“Because,” answered this generous sister, “I love him so dearly — I always feel more happy when he gets the best things.”

“You are right, my precious daughter,” said her father, as he fondly and proudly folded her in his arms. “You are right, and you may be certain your father can never be displeased with you, for wishing to give up the best of every thing to your brother. He is a dear little boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you love him?”

“Yes, father,” said the girl, “I think he does; for when I offered him the larger peach, he would not take it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it.”

After I had told this story to Charles, James, and Jane, I asked them if they knew Lydia and Oliver. They said they did.

"Did you ever see them quarrel?" I asked.

"No," said Charles.

"Why do they not quarrel?" I asked.

Charles hung his head, and did not answer. He felt ashamed. So did James. But Jane said, —

"They don't quarrel, because they give up the best things to each other."

"That is it, Jane," said I; "and when they come to the table, Lydia wants Oliver to have the larger piece of pie, and Oliver wants Lydia to have it; and if they contend at all, it is not to *keep*, but to *give up* the best things. Now if you and your brothers would do so, you would never have any angry quarrels, such as you have had."

Is there a child or a man on earth who can fail to approve the spirit and conduct of Lydia and Oliver, and to detest the spirit and actions of Charles, James, and Jane? Not one. Human nature, in its most savage forms, instantly and invariably decides in favor of the spirit and principle of self-sacrifice, which are the spirit and



principle of peace. Christianity decides in the same way. She cannot be made to foster the spirit of revenge and war. As children of a common Father, we are taught to dwell in a love that thinketh and doeth no evil — a love that does nothing through strife, but that hopeth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth. How effectually this love unfits us for fighting!



*Ruth, Amy, and the Violet.*

THESE two little girls were sisters, and lived in Pennsylvania. In early spring, as the violets began to bloom, they were playing in a meadow, near their father's house. They both happened at the same time to see a violet before them. Both ran to it. Ruth, the elder sister, came to it first, and plucked it. Amy was angry, and cried out, "I saw it first, and it belongs to me." "No, it is not yours, it is mine," said Ruth; "for I saw it as soon as you did, and I got to it first,





RUTH, AMY, AND THE VIOLET.



and plucked it. So I have got it, and you shall not have it." Amy was quite furious, snatched at the flower, and struck her sister. Then Ruth became angry, and struck Amy. So they fought about it, and screamed, and beat each other. Their mother heard them, and came to see what was the matter. She found her little daughters tearing and beating each other.

"What does this mean?" asked the mother.

"Ruth got my flower," said Amy.

"No, I did not, mother," said Ruth. "It was mine. I saw it first, and plucked it."

"But where is the flower?" asked their mother.

Lo! it had been torn to pieces in the fight! Thus each claimed the flower by right of first discovery; and in fighting to decide who saw it first, and who should have it, both lost it!

How could this fight have been prevented, and the sweet violet, and the sweeter spirit of sisterly love and affection, been preserved? Ruth said she saw it first, and claimed it. Amy said she saw it first, and claimed it. Now, though Ruth

had the violet in her hand, if, when Amy said, "It is mine, I saw it first, I will have it," Ruth had said to her, "Sister, if you think the pretty flower is yours, you may have it; I should rather let you have it than keep it myself; *I would rather have your love than all the flowers that grow,*" — would there have been any fight? any coldness or unkindness between the sisters? None. They would have saved their sisterly affection from so rude a shock, and the sweet violet too; and Amy would not have cared whether the flower had been in her sister's hand, or in her own. She would have enjoyed it just as much — nay, more, had it been in her sister's. The sweet and pretty flower belonged to him who made it. God made it to delight the two sisters. How wicked in them to get angry and to fight about it!

Our heavenly Father made the earth, and all the beautiful things that adorn it. They are all his. He invites all his children to come and enjoy them. We admire them: we see that there

is more than enough for all: and it would seem that, as children of a common Father, we might look at them, and use and enjoy them, in love and peace. Yet, as soon as we see the beautiful things our Father has laid before us, to please us, and make us happy in his love, and in each other's love, we begin to fight for them, as Ruth and Amy did for that pretty violet.

One says, "This land is mine—I found it first." Another says, "No, it is mine—I found it first."

"This gold and silver are mine," says one. "Let none dare touch them without my leave."

"They are mine," angrily responds another. "I will 'kill, slay and destroy' all who touch them without consulting me."

One gets possession of the treasure first. The other comes up, and tries to snatch it away. The first struggles to keep it—the other to take it. One strikes the other. The other strikes in return. Both get enraged. Blows follow. Love gets out, wrath comes in. Blood flows, limbs

are broken, and bodies torn to pieces. Thus these brothers and sisters — children of the same family — fight about the sweet and pleasant things their kind and loving Father has given them! *Can it be?* It would be far better for them to say in such a case, "If you think this land, grove, spring, river, ocean, mountain, or valley, is yours, take it and keep it; only love me, and give me a brother's love. I would rather have the affection of one kind and loving heart than all the gold and silver of the earth."



### *A Kiss for a Blow.*

WHEN I lived in Boston, I was one of the city school committee. I used to visit some of the public schools of the city almost every day, and spend a few minutes in each school, talking to the children on peace and temperance. The children understood that, when I came to the schools, they were at liberty to ask me my

opinions on these subjects. They generally had some questions to ask.

One day I visited one of the infant schools. There were about fifty children in it, between four and eight years of age.

"Children," said I, "has any of you a question to ask to-day?"

"Please to tell us," said a little boy, "what is meant by '*overcoming evil with good*'?"

"I am glad," said I, "you have asked that question; for I love to talk to you about peace, and to show you how to settle all difficulties without-fighting."

I then tried to show them what the precept meant, and how to apply it and carry it out. While I tried to think of something to make it plain to the children, the following incident occurred:—

A boy about seven years of age, and his sister about five years of age, sat near me. As I was talking, George doubled up his fist, and struck his sister on her head, as unkind and cruel



brothers often do. She was angry in a moment, and raised her hand at once to strike him in return. The teacher saw her, and said, "*Mary, you had better kiss your brother.*" Mary dropped her hand, and looked up at the teacher, as if she did not fully understand her. She had never been taught to return good for evil. She thought that if her brother struck her, she of course had a right to strike in return. She had always been taught to act on this cruel maxim. Her teacher looked kindly at her, and at George, and said again, "My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry and unhappy he looks!" Mary looked at her brother. He looked sullen and wretched. Her resentment was soon gone, and love for her brother returned to her heart. She threw both her arms about his neck, and kissed him! The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blow. He could not endure the generous affection of his sister. His feelings were touched, and he burst out crying. His gentle sister took the corner of



her apron, and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him by saying, with endearing sweetness and generous affection, "*Don't cry, George ; you did not hurt me much.*" But he only wept the more. No wonder. It was enough to make any body weep.

But why did George weep ? Poor little fellow ! Little did he dream that his sister would give him such a sweet return for his wicked blow. Would he have wept, if his sister had struck him as he had struck her ? Not he. By kissing him as she did she made him feel more acutely than if she had beaten him black and blue. By striking him again, she would not have made him feel sorry at all. It was that sweet sisterly kiss — that gentle act of wiping away his tears with her apron — that generous and anger-killing affection, that led her to excuse him, and seek to comfort him, by saying, "*Don't cry, George ; you did not hurt me much*" — these things made him weep. It would make any body weep to receive such kind and generous treatment from one whom he had injured. No man could withstand it.

*A kiss for a blow!* All the school saw, at once, what was meant by overcoming evil with good; and they needed no further instruction on the subject. They never will forget it. Had Mary struck her brother, there had been a fight. It was prevented by her kiss.

When others strike you, or do any thing to you which you think an injury, always do as sweet little Mary did. Give a kiss for a blow, and there will be no trouble. They will take care how they wrong you in any way, when they are once sure that the injuries they do you will not be returned. Though George was the older and the larger, and could strike the harder, yet Mary conquered him. George's large, strong body, his muscular arm, and hard blows, were not a match for the strong love and sweet kiss of Mary. If George had had the body of a giant, or the strength of a million of men in his arm, Mary's sweet love and kiss, and those gentle but heart-piercing words, "Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much," would have conquered them all. What could poor

George do ? If he had had all the arms and soldiers in the world to help him in his attack upon Mary, conduct such as hers would have conquered them all.

Dear children, arm yourselves with Mary's weapons ; throw away your anger, your sullen looks, your provoking nicknames, your clinched fists, and furious blows, and take the sweet love and soft words of little Mary ; then go forth to meet your enemies, and you may be sure of an easy and bloodless victory.

In every family children should be taught how to use these weapons. Their parents should be their teachers. I have often thought, that if the nation would establish schools to teach all our children how to conquer their enemies with these powerful but gentle weapons, instead of establishing schools to teach them how to fight and kill them with swords and guns, our property, liberty, and lives would be safer ; and it would not cost half so much to keep them safe. But now, instead of being taught to meet our enemies and

subdue them with love and kindness, we are taught to meet them with deadly weapons, and to "kill, slay, and destroy" them. Children never will be safe; parents never will be safe; towns, cities, states, and nations never will be safe, till all these murderous instruments are thrown away, and children are taught *never to hunch those who crowd*, and always to give A KISS FOR A BLOW!

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*Mary, Ellen, and the Tin Box.*

IN my visit to one of the Boston schools, a child asked me,—

"What does this mean, '*It is more blessed to give than to receive*'?"

"Children," I asked, "can any of you tell what it means?"

A little girl, whose name was Mary, answered,—

"I had a piece of cake the other day. I broke it into six pieces, and gave five of them to five

other children, who were playing with me, and kept the smallest myself."

"Is not that what it means?" asked another girl, named Ellen.

"Yes, Ellen," I replied, "I think it is pretty near the meaning. I know a boy named Clark. He has several brothers and sisters. If Clark gets an apple, an orange, grapes, plums, or any thing, his brothers and sisters are always sure to get the largest share, and often the whole. When they have any thing, Clark never teases them to give any to him; but they often plead earnestly with him to take some. When he sees he cannot refuse without hurting their feelings, he always takes what they offer. I once asked Clark why he was not as willing to receive from his brothers and sisters as he was to give to them.

"'Because,' said the noble boy, 'I feel better pleased when I give to them than I do when they give to me.'

"'Why?' I asked.

“‘Because I am afraid they will not have enough,’ said he.

“‘What if they should not?’ I asked.

“‘Why,’ said he, ‘how could I enjoy any thing, when I would be thinking all the time that they wanted it, and that they had deprived themselves of it to give it to me?’

“‘True, Clark, I do not know how you could,’ I answered.”

After I had related this story, Mary said, “I think I should be more happy to give than to receive.” Poor girl! she did not know her own heart, but it was soon brought to the test.

Ellen took up a painted tin box belonging to Mary, and looked at it.

“That is mine,” said Mary, and snatched it away with some violence.

Ellen gave it up very quietly, and then said, “Do let me look at it, Mary. It is so pretty.”

“I shall not,” said Mary, “for it is mine, and you had no business to touch it.”

“Dear Mary,” said I, “do you really think it

is more blessed to give than to receive? You said just now you thought you should be more happy to give than to receive. You do not look very happy now."

Poor girl! she was cut to the heart. She instantly gave the box to Ellen, hung her head and began to weep.

"Children," said I to the scholars, "which do you think would have made Mary more happy—to have allowed Ellen to look at the box as much as she pleased, or to have snatched it away as she did?"

All answered, "She would have been more happy if she had allowed her to look at it."

"So I think," I replied. "You do not feel so happy, Mary, as you would have done if you had told Ellen kindly, when she took up your box, that she might look at it as much as she pleased."

"If we feel as we ought to feel," I remarked to the children, "we shall give up our lives to save the lives of others, rather than take away their lives to save our own."



"If they are our enemies, and are trying to kill us," asked Sarah, "should we feel happier to give up our lives rather than take theirs?"

"If we really feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive," I replied, "I think we should suffer and die for the good even of our enemies, rather than make them suffer and die for our good. If we practise this precept, as Jesus did, it will prevent all wars, and settle all difficulties, without any violence."



### *Two Neighbors, and the Hens.*

A MAN in New Jersey told me the following circumstance, respecting himself and one of his neighbors:—

"I once owned a large flock of hens. I generally kept them shut up. But, one spring, I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipped their wings so that they could not fly. One day, when I came home to dinner, I learned



that one of my neighbors had been there, full of anger, to let me know that my hens had been in his garden, and that he had killed several of them, and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged that he should have killed my beautiful hens, that I valued so much. I determined at once to be revenged ; to go to law with him, or in some way to get redress. I sat down and ate my dinner, as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal, I became more cool, and thought perhaps it was best not to fight with my neighbor about such a trifle, and thereby make him my bitter, lasting enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure that it would be better.

“ After dinner, I called at my neighbor’s house. He was in his garden. I went out, and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a stick trying to kill it. I accosted him. He turned on me, his face inflamed with wrath, and broke out in a great fury, —

“ ‘ You have injured me. I will kill all your

hens if I can get at them. They have ruined my garden.'

" 'I am very sorry for it,' said I. 'I did not wish to injure you, and I now see that I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage they have done you.'

"The man was confounded. He did not know what to think of it. He looked up at the sky ; then down at the ground ; then at his neighbor ; then at his stick ; then at the poor hen he had been pursuing ; and then he said — nothing.

" 'Tell me, now,' said I, 'what is the damage, and I will pay you sixfold ; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I cannot afford to lose the love and good will of my neighbors, and to quarrel with them, for hens, or for any thing else.'

" ' *I am a great fool,*' said my neighbor ; 'the damage is not worth talking about ; and I have the most need to compensate you, and to ask your forgiveness.' "

*Leonard, Rebecca, and the Play Hour.*

IN the spring of 1835, I went into a school in Boston. There were about sixty children belonging to it. When I went in, they were all out at play, except two. As I entered I saw two children, Leonard and his sister Rebecca, standing by the teacher. Rebecca was about four, and Leonard about seven, years of age. Never did a brother love a sister better than Leonard did Rebecca. She was a laughing, joyous, affectionate little child, and Leonard was all in all to her. She did not enjoy either food or play, unless Leonard were present to share it with her. They never quarrelled, for the very reason that it was Leonard's delight to see his sister happy, and she was sure to get the larger share of every thing he had. When Rebecca had done any thing wrong, her brother always stood by her, to avert or to share the punishment.

These two children stood beside the teacher. As soon as I saw them, I feared that Rebecca had

been doing wrong; for Leonard had been crying. The teacher said to me, as I entered and sat down, —

“What shall I do? I have a case here, which I know not how to dispose of.”

“What is the matter?” I asked. “Have Leonard and Rebecca been making difficulty in the school?”

“No,” said she; “Leonard has done nothing wrong, and seldom does; he is one of the best boys in the school.”

“What is he crying for, then,” I asked, “if he has been such a good boy? Why does he not go out to play with the rest?”

“Rebecca,” said the teacher, “has been very troublesome to-day in school; and as a punishment, I told her she must stay in the house when the other children went out to play.”

“Well,” said I, “why need Leonard cry about that? You do not keep him in, to punish him, because his sister has been a naughty girl?”

“No,” said the teacher; “but Leonard wishes

me to let his sister go out and play, and to let him stay in and undergo punishment ; and he is crying because I will not do so."

"How is that?" said I to Leonard. "Why do you not go out and play?"

"Because," said he, "Rebecca cannot go."

"Well, but," said I, "cannot you go and enjoy yourself with the rest?"

"I could not play, if I did go," said he.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because Rebecca would not be enjoying herself at the same time," said he.

"But," said I, "even if your sister should be allowed to go out, she could not play with you. She would be in the girls' yard."

"But then I should know she was there," said he, "playing with the rest."

"But why," I asked, "do you wish to stay, and let your naughty sister go out?"

"Do not call her *naughty*, sir," said the generous boy ; "I love her, and would rather that she should go out than go myself."

“Then you think,” said I, “you would rather see her happy than be happy yourself, and you would rather be punished than see her punished? Is that because you love her?”

“Yes, sir,” said he; “I am older and stronger than she is, and I can bear it better than she can. I could not be happy if she stayed in. Do, ma’am, let her go out,” said the noble-hearted boy to the teacher.

He stood with his arm round his sister, pleading that he might be punished in her stead. What a generous disposition he had! I think if Jesus had been there, he would have “taken him in his arms and blessed him.” It was affecting to witness his generous devotion to his sister, and his readiness to suffer for her sake.

“This,” said I to the teacher, “is ‘*love that seeketh not her own.*’ What can you do?”

“I will let them play together here in the room,” said she.

She did so, and they were both happy.

If we loved our *enemies* as Leonard did his

sister, with a love that seeketh not her own, there could be no wars or fightings in the world ; for then we should always rather suffer and die ourselves than inflict suffering and death on others.

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*Children learning the Art of Shooting and Stabbing.*

I VISITED a school in Philadelphia, April 6th, 1842, and talked to the children about learning the art of shooting and stabbing. I endeavored to show how our common Father must regard it, when he looks upon us, his children, and sees us studying how to destroy one another.

“ When I was in the country,” said Charles, a boy about twelve years of age, “ the boys used to go through the military exercise in their play hours.”

“ How did you play ? ” I asked.

“ Why,” said he, “ I was called Montezuma, and had men under me ; and another boy was called Cortez, and had men under him ; and we fought battles.”



“What did you fight with?” I asked.

“Wooden swords, and wooden guns,” said he.

“How did you fight?” I asked.

“We went through the manœuvres,” said he, “and marched about, and wheeled to the right and left. Then we came up and faced one another, and struck one another, and each tried to drive the others off the field, and gain the victory.”

“But why did you play soldier, and fight battles?” I asked.

“We wished to learn,” said he, “to fight for our country; so that, when we grow up, we may know how to fight.”

“Against whom would you fight?” I asked.

“The enemy,” said Charles.

“Why do you want to learn to fight your enemies?” I asked.

“To kill them,” said Charles.

“Is it right,” I asked, “for children to learn how to kill each other?”

Some said, “Yes;” others, “No.”



"You say, Charles," said I, "you played soldier, in order to learn how to kill your enemies?"

"O! but we did it all in fun," said he.

"But, can it be right," I asked, "for children to learn to *shoot* and *stab* each other in fun? It seems to me that it would be much better to study how to love than how to destroy one another. Jesus came to save men's lives, not to destroy them. But you study how to kill men, so that when you grow up you may be expert at it."

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### *A Scene in Bristol, Rhode Island.*

I WAS in Bristol, a town in the State of Rhode Island, sitting in my room, writing, when I heard many strange noises in the street. I looked out, and saw about one hundred and fifty boys marching up the street, playing soldier. They had paper caps on their heads; blue and white paper, cut into strings, dangled from the tops of their caps, instead of feathers; they wore belts of all

colors, made of stripes of old cotton and woollen cloth ; and scraps of paper and colored rags were on their shoulders, instead of epaulets. For arms, they had sticks, clubs, broom-handles, wooden guns and swords, and bows and arrows. A large band of music, with tin horns, tin kettles, and whistles, marched in front, and some played *boo* and *tan-ta-ra-ra* through their hands, for want of trumpets. They formed into files, ranks, and companies, and marched up and down the streets, strutting and swelling, and looking bold, and terribly fierce ; trying to look as much like grown-up soldiers as they could. The officers gave the word of command, and the boys shouldered, grounded, or presented arms, made ready, took aim, and fired, just as real soldiers do at public reviews. They tried to look and to act as much like real soldiers as they could. It was a sorrowful and sickening sight, to see children learning how to shoot and stab one another. I would rather see them studying how to be loving and forgiving. But children are taught

that they must know how to resent and revenge injuries, in order to be good citizens! How much better it would be, if they would learn how to be kind to one another, and to live in love and peace! Then there would be no need of fighting when they grow up. Children might make very pretty plays, which would teach them how to be kind and affectionate — much prettier, and not so mischievous and hardening to their hearts as learning to play soldier.



*Clarissa and Lucy, or Love and Anger.*

IN one of my visits to the asylum in Philadelphia, I asked the children, —

“How do you feel when you think others are angry with you?”

“We feel unhappy, and want them to be kind to us,” they replied.

“Then it is not pleasant,” said I, “to be hated by any body — is it?”

"No, sir," said one; "it is pleasant to be loved."

"What makes you unhappy when you are angry with others?" I asked.

"Because we feel all out of sorts," said one.

"We cannot keep still," said another.

"We want to catch hold of something, and tear away," said another.

"We want to strike," said a fourth.

"We do not care for any body," said a fifth.

"We want to fight," said a sixth.

"Do you feel unhappy when you are angry with your *enemies*?" I asked.

"Yes," said one; "we are always uneasy when we are angry."

"Then it must be wrong to be angry," said I.  
"Our heavenly Father tells us to put away all anger, and be tender-hearted and forgiving. Can we be tender-hearted and angry at the same time?"

"Anger never makes people tender-hearted and kind," said one.

"How does it make them feel?" I asked.

“It makes them feel hard-hearted and cruel,” said the same child, “and ready to tear every thing to pieces.”

“That it does,” said I; “love is always tender-hearted and kind; anger is savage and cruel, and tears every thing to pieces, as you say. It is a tearing, fighting passion. Without it you cannot fight.”

This reminds me of an incident that pleased me.

“Mamma,” said Clarissa, as she came in from school one day, looking vexed, “what makes me feel so when I am with Lucy?”

“Why, how do you feel?” asked her mother.

“I feel—I don’t know how I feel,” said Clarissa.

“Well, my daughter, if you do not know how you feel, how should I know?” replied her mother.

“Why, mother,” said Clarissa, “I feel as if I could not laugh or play. I feel vexed and uneasy. When I am away from Lucy, I can talk and laugh.”

“Do you love Lucy?” asked her mother.

“No, I cannot love her,” said Clarissa; “she is so cross to me that I hate her.”

“That is it,” said her mother; “you hate her. That is what makes you so unhappy when you are with her. How do you feel when you are with Maria?”

“O, I am very happy! She is kind to me, and I love her, and we have great enjoyment together.”

“Then it seems,” said her mother, “you are unhappy with Lucy because you hate her. Now you had better be kind to Lucy, and try to love her, and then she will love you, and you will be happy with her.”

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### *Horatio, and the Trainers on Boston Common.*

BOSTON COMMON is a large piece of ground, planted with trees, and intersected with gravel walks; in summer it is covered with rich green grass. There is a little pond in it, and near the

pond a large elm tree, under whose spreading branches the boys and girls of Boston have met and frolicked for two hundred years. The children of Boston love that dear old tree, and when they grow up, and go away from home, from the ends of the earth, by land and by sea, they remember the elm that affectionately sheltered their childhood.

In Boston the children go out on the Common to play ; and all the men and women go there to walk on its soft green carpet, and to breathe the pure sweet air that blows over it. At almost any hour of the day, in summer, except during school hours, many boys and girls may be seen on its green surface, engaged in all sorts of plays ; and their merry laugh, their sportive voices, and glad-some hop-skip-and-jump, are enough to make Sorrow smile, and old moping Melancholy herself burst out into a laugh.

It was my delight to go there with a troop of happy, laughing children, and to run and play with them. Many a time have I been there with



fifty or a hundred children, and we would hold one another's hands, and make a long row, and so march across the Common.

Such of the citizens as learn the military exercises and manœuvres always go out on the Common to train. This was a drawback upon my pleasure. I could not bear to think that the sweet, green Common, where all the children met to play so happily, should be chosen as the place where their fathers and elder brothers should meet to study how to kill human beings. It was too bad that the dear Common, where every tree, and walk, and blade of grass, and every breeze, were filled with the associations of our happy childhood, should be converted into a school of blood, where human beings might study the art of human slaughter.

One training day I walked out with an intelligent boy, about ten years old, to see the trainers. We found the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company," the "Washington Blues," the "Lafayette Guards," the "Rifle Rangers," and other



companies, in full uniform; feathers and cockades in their caps, epaulets on their shoulders, sashes round their waists, and clothed in red, blue, white, green, and black striped coats and trousers. We walked about, looked at the soldiers, and talked about their dresses, their arms, and doings. We came to a place that overlooked the scene, and sat down; and we held, in substance, the following conversation. I took down many of Horatio's remarks on the spot.

"Horatio," said I, "why have those men got guns and swords?"

"*To shoot and stab the British!*" said he; and his eyes gleamed with fierce excitement while he said so.

"But why should we shoot and stab the British?" I asked.

"Because they are our enemies," said he, "and will not let us alone."

"How do you know they are our enemies?" I inquired.

"They want to take away our liberty," said he.

"But we ought not to be their enemies, even if they are ours," I remarked.

"We will not be their enemies, if they will let us alone," he replied.

"But we are their enemies," said I, "if we shoot and stab them."

"Let them keep away, then," said he, "and let us alone, and we will not hurt them."

"But is it right," I inquired, "to be their enemies because they are our enemies, and to hate them because they hate us?"

"They must let us alone, then," said he.

"But," said I, "if they hate us, and are our enemies, that does not make it right for us to hate them, and be their enemies. If the British hate us, and are our enemies, that very thing proves that we ought to love and to pity them."

"We would love them, and do them good," said he, "if they would keep away, and let us alone."

"Then," said I, "you are for letting enemies alone so long as they let you alone. If others

do not hate you, you will not hate them ; and if others do not hurt you, you will not hurt them."

"How," he asked, "can we avoid hating them, and trying to hurt them, if they hate us and try to hurt us?"

"Horatio," said I, "do you see that man, dressed in black, with a cockade on the side of his hat, and a piece of red cloth round his waist?"

"Yes," said he. "Who is he?"

"That is the chaplain."

"What do chaplains do at trainings?" he asked.

"They pray that the soldiers may be blest in their efforts to kill their enemies and take vengeance upon them," said I. "He is about to pray ; let us draw near, and hear what he says."

So we drew near, and heard the prayer. Then we returned to our old seat, and sat down to see what they would do next. We continued our conversation. I asked him, —

“Did you hear what the chaplain said?”

“Yes,” said Horatio; “I heard him pray that all the swords might be beaten into ploughshares, and the spears into pruning-hooks, and that the people might not learn war any more.”

“What else did you hear?” I asked.

“He prayed,” said he, “that our heavenly Father would bless the militia system, and enable us to prepare for war in time of peace.”

“How could he dare to pray so?” I asked. “In one breath he prayed that we might love our enemies, and in the next he prayed that we might be enabled to kill them! He might as well pray, in one breath, that we might be kept from cheating and lying; and in the next, that we might learn to cheat and lie. And this reminds me of my visit to a sword and gun foundry, of which I will proceed to tell you.”

*A Sword and Gun Foundry*

“IN Millbury, Massachusetts,” said I to Horatio, “there is a foundry where arms are made for the United States. Many workmen are employed there. I once visited Millbury to lecture on peace. Said I to one of the workmen of the foundry, —

“‘How can you pretend to be a follower of the Prince of Peace, and to pray for peace, while you get your living by making swords and guns to kill men with?’

“‘Do you think,’ said he, ‘that it is wrong for me to pursue this business, and that I ought to quit it?’

“‘Yes, I do,’ said I. ‘Either cease to pray for peace, or cease to make guns and swords.’

“‘Why?’ he asked.

“‘Why, see!’ said I. ‘You make a sword to-day, and go home at night and pray that all the swords may be beaten into ploughshares. Tomorrow you go to your shop and make another

sword, and at night you pray that it may be beaten up. Thus you go on — making swords and guns by day, and at night praying that they may be beaten up! You might as well pray that all drunkenness might cease, and then get your living by making and selling rum, and making people drunk. Ought you not to stop praying for peace, or stop making weapons of war?’

“ ‘I believe I must,’ said he.

“Now,” said I to Horatio, after I had finished the story of the foundery, “do you see that captain exercising his men? Why does he wish them to go through those manœuvres?”

“To prepare them to fight,” said Horatio, “when war comes.”

“Well,” said I, “I know that captain, and I have heard him pray that men may learn war no more! But see how he is teaching them to make war. Hear him say, ‘Shoulder arms!’ ‘Present arms!’ ‘Make ready!’ ‘Take aim!’ ‘Fire!’ Now, while he is going through these manœuvres,

and teaching them to fight, do you think he could pray that men may learn war no more?"

"I don't think he could," said Horatio.

"Look at those men," said I. "They are studying how to kill their brothers and sisters. This is the object of all military exercises. There are *twelve thousand* men in the United States, *one hundred thousand* in England, *two hundred thousand* in France, *five hundred thousand* in Russia, *one million* in China, and on the whole earth more than *twenty millions* of men, whose sole business is to study how to kill men, women, and children! Others have to maintain them, and to pay them wages for learning and practising this dreadful trade. It is the soldier's trade that fills the world with pirates and murderers. If men would not claim a right to kill each other, and would regard each other's persons as sacred and inviolable, there never would be any robbers, or murderers, or pirates. But so long as men claim a right to outrage and to kill one another, the earth will be filled with violence and blood."



“Now, Horatio, when you see soldiers *training*, do not think about the music and the feathers, and the cockades and the epaulets, and the gay dresses ; but think of what they are training for. Think that they are studying how to kill men, women, and children, and that they will kill them when they think it necessary. Think how many poor children they are studying to make orphans, and how many millions of bodies they will tear in pieces. Think of all these things, and you will never wish to go to a training, or to see trainers.”

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*Kindly-affectioned Swords, tender-hearted Bullets,  
loving Daggers, forgiving Bombshells.*

DURING another visit to the Philadelphia Asylum, I said, —

“Children, what is an arsenal ? ”

“A place where they keep guns and swords to kill men with,” said one.

“True,” said I ; “that is the very meaning.

Now there is such an arsenal in Springfield, Massachusetts. I once visited it. I found a large building full of guns, with bayonets, ready for the work of death. I talked to the workmen about their earning their living by furnishing men with means to kill one another. I asked what object they had in view in making these deadly weapons. They admitted that they made them to furnish men with the means of mutual slaughter. Said I to them, ‘Then you earn your living by furnishing your brethren and sisters with the means to kill each other?’ They all said they did.

“‘I have five brothers, and six sisters,’ I said. ‘Now suppose I get my living, and grow rich, by making weapons for them to kill one another. What would you say to that?’

“‘That you would be a most unnatural and bloody-minded brother,’ said one of the workmen.

“‘Would it be possible,’ I asked, ‘for my father to approve of my business?’

“‘No,’ answered the same man.

“ ‘Then, according to your own decision, said I, ‘while engaged in this work, you are unnatural and bloody-minded brothers. Do you not earn a living by furnishing your brothers and sisters with the means to destroy one another? Can you dare to hope that your Father will excuse you for doing this? Why do you not inscribe on your swords, bayonets, and guns, “Love your enemies,” “Overcome evil with good,” “Thou shalt not kill”?’

“ ‘Such mottoes,’ they replied, ‘would be out of place on weapons of war.’

“ ‘Why so,’ I asked, ‘if it be Christian to fight?’

“ ‘Because,’ said one, ‘there is no love nor forgiveness in swords and guns.’

“ ‘Why not?’ I asked. ‘Cannot love make swords and guns, that when you meet you may use these loving, affectionately death-dealing weapons to kill one another, by way of brotherly entertainment?’

“ ‘Love,’ said he, ‘never could provide such an entertainment.’

“ ‘What does ?’ I asked.

“ ‘Hatred and Revenge,’ said he.”

When I had finished my account of this conversation, I said, —

“ Now, children, what do you think ? Would it look well to see ‘*Love your enemies*’ written upon swords and guns ? ”

All but one said “No.” One said “Yes.”

“ Well,” said I to the child who said “Yes,” (she was about twelve years of age,) “how is this, Hannah ? You do not agree with the rest of us. What do you say ? ”

“ I say,” said she, “ that ‘*Love your enemies*’ ought to be written on all the bullets, guns, and swords in the world.”

“ Hannah,” said I, “ I am amazed ! Can you write your love on a sword, and stab it into the bosoms of your fellow creatures ? or on a bullet, and shoot it into their hearts ? I cannot understand you. Love in a bullet ! Weapons of death, and garments rolled in blood, the fruits of love ! How can you shoot and stab your kindness and

affection into the hearts of those you love? Do tell us, Hannah; for I should like to know. Loving and affectionate swords and guns! I never heard of such things before."

"I do not mean that," said she.

I asked her, "What do you mean, then? You said 'Love your enemies' ought to be written on all swords and guns; and would not that make them tender-hearted, loving, and kind?"

"I mean," said she, "if it were written there, all the people would see that it were wrong to use them."

"Ah! Hannah!" said I, "there is more sense in what you said than I supposed. So you think that if 'Love your enemies,' 'Be kindly affectioned one to another, tender-hearted and forgiving,' and such mottoes, were written on all deadly weapons, the people would see at once that we could not be Christians, and fight and kill our enemies? I think you are right; for there can be no love, or kindly affection, or tender sympathy, in fighting and killing.

“‘Love your enemies!’ It would be an excellent motto to put on every deadly weapon, on every fort and ship of war, and on all military banners. I join with you, Hannah, and approve of having it done. Then see if men can call themselves Christians, and fight, as they now do. I do not believe that they could.”



*Cruelty killed by Kindness.*

A YOUNG woman in Vermont married a poor but worthy man, against her father's wish. He drove them from his house, and closed his door and heart against them. They went to live near Boston, were industrious, and prospered. After many years her father had occasion to visit Boston. He went to see his daughter, expecting a cold reception. His daughter and her husband received him most kindly and lovingly. After staying with them a while, he returned to Vermont.

One of his neighbors, hearing where he had been, asked him how his daughter and her husband had treated him.

"I never was so treated before in my life," said the weeping and broken-hearted father. "They have broken my heart — they have killed me — I don't feel as if I could live, after being treated by them as I have been."

"What did they do to you?" asked his neighbor. "Did they upbraid you?"

"*They loved me to death*, and killed me with kindness," said he; "I can never forgive myself for treating so cruelly my own darling daughter, who loved me so affectionately. I grieve when I think how my precious child must have felt, when I spurned her from my door. Heaven bless them, and forgive me for my cruelty and injustice to them."

Who does not see, in the noble conduct of this kind daughter, an infallible cure for the difficulties which sometimes occur between man and man? There is not a child nor a man on earth



who would not feel and confess that this daughter, though so deeply wronged and outraged by her angry father, did right in treating him as she did. Her father was her enemy, but she was not his enemy. He hated her, but she loved him.



*Anne victorious over Henry.*

ANNE and Henry were about seven years old, and lived in a little village in Massachusetts. They attended the same school. Henry was a boy of mischievous disposition, and seemed to delight in teasing little Anne. He would prick her with pins, pinch her, push her down, knock her books out of her hands, threaten to knock her down and kill her, and in every way try to vex her and make her unhappy. He generally took the opportunity to torment her while they were on the way home from school.

One day, Anne came home crying bitterly, with her dress disordered, and her bonnet knocked

out of shape. Henry had thrown her down, and told her he would kill her! Her parents said nothing to her about Henry at first, but soothed and comforted her feelings. At the dinner table, after Anne had got over her grief, and had become pleasant and calm, her father said to her,—

“Anne, how can we overcome Henry’s bad temper? I do not like to tell your teacher of the poor wicked little boy’s conduct. She may punish him if I do, and perhaps that will make him hate you, and treat you worse. Do you wish to have him punished?”

“No, papa,” said she.

“Do you feel angry with him, Anne,” asked her father, “and wish to make him suffer?”

“No, papa, I am sure I do not,” replied Anne.

“But he seems to hate you, and to delight in tormenting you,” said her father.

“I do not hate him, nor wish to have him tormented,” answered the generous little girl.

“What can be done,” continued her father, “to make him a better boy? I do not like to let

him treat you so. Something must be done. Can you tell, Anne, what we had better do?"

After a few moments' reflection, Anne said, —

"I should like to give him something, if I had any thing to give."

"Could you not give him one of your little books?" asked one sitting by.

"May I, father?" asked Anne.

"Yes, my dear," said her father, "you may give him any thing of yours that you please."

She selected one of her little books, full of pretty stories and pictures, and carried it to school. As she went along, she walked with a firm and joyous step, and looked very happy, as if she felt sure she was about to get the victory over Henry's wicked temper and actions that afternoon. She seemed to feel sure that Henry would never hate her and treat her cruelly any more.

When school commenced, she went to the teacher and asked, "May I speak to Henry?"

"What do you wish to speak about?" inquired the teacher.

Anne colored, and answered, "I want to speak to him. Please, ma'am, let me."

"Yes," said the teacher, "you may speak to him."

She went to him, handed him the book, and said, "Would you like to have this book?"

He hung his head, and looked ashamed, but took the book, turned over the leaves, and looked at the pictures.

"May I keep it forever?" he asked.

"Yes," said Anne, kindly, "I want you to keep it."

He said no more, but kept the book, and Anne went to her seat.

When school was over, he put his book under his arm, and ran home to show his present to his parents. He has never teased Anne since.

Every child who reads this story will detest the conduct of Henry, in tormenting his kind and generous little school-fellow; and will admire the forgiving, noble conduct of dear little Anne.

This is the best way to settle all our difficul-





THE CHILD IN WEST AFRICA.

ties, and to conquer all our enemies. It makes us happier than the exercise of revenge. Anne would not have felt so cheerful and happy, if she had been the means of getting Henry punished.

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### *The Child in West Africa.*

At a school established by an English society in Sierra Leone, West Africa, a little girl one day struck her school-fellow. The teacher found this out, and asked the child who was struck, —

“Did not you strike her in return?”

“No, ma’am,” said the child.

“What did you do?” asked the teacher.

“*I left her to God,*” said she.

This is a beautiful and efficient way to settle all difficulties, and prevent all fights, among children and among men. We shall seldom be struck by others when they know that we love them, and that we shall not return the blow, but “*leave them to God.*” Then, whatever our ene-



mies do, or threaten to do, to us, let us leave them to God, praying that he would forgive them and make them our friends.



*Pinching and Striking.*

IN a visit to the Asylum, I said to one of the boys, —

“Joseph, what made you angry?”

“Peter *pinched* me,” said he.

“What did you then do to him?”

“I thumped him.”

“Did it do you any good to thump him?” I asked.

“Yes, sir,” said he, “for a little while.”

“Why did you thump him?” I asked.

“Because he pinched me, and that made me angry,” said he.

“Then you thumped him merely to please your anger,” said I.

“Yes, sir,” said he.

"After you thumped him," said I, "and after your anger had all gone out of you, how did you feel?"

"I wished I had not thumped him quite so hard," said he.

"Why?" I asked.

"I should not have been so sorry," said Joseph.

"Why did you feel sorry at all?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "I was afraid I thumped him too hard."

"What if you did?" I asked. "Why should that make you sorry?"

"Because," said he, "I was afraid that I had hurt him more than he hurt me."

"The next time, then," said I, "that any one pinches you, I hope you will not strike him. Then you will not be sorry. Then you will not be afraid that you have hurt him more than he hurt you; for you will not hurt him at all. It will save you a great many sad feelings, and prevent others from pinching you."

*Fighting in Love.*

EARLY one bright morning, I walked on Boston Common, with a troop of little children. After a while, we all collected under the royal old elm-tree. That majestic elm is like the king of Boston Common; and in summer, when he is arrayed in his verdant glory, the children delight to gather together under his branches.

"Children!" said I abruptly, as we stood together in a group under the elm, "did you ever hear of people fighting in love?"

"Fighting in love! No," said Catherine; "nobody ever heard of such a thing."

"I have heard of persons fighting in love; and a hard fight they had, too," said I.

"I suppose they did not shed any blood, if they fought in love," said Rebecca.

"Yes, they did," said I; "their faces, hands, and jackets were covered with blood."

"Then I know they did not fight in love," said Rufus.

“How do you know it?” I asked.

“Because,” said the same boy, “love never makes people fight.”

“How do you know?” I asked. “Did you ever try to fight in love?”

“No, I never fought at all,” said he; “but I know I could not fight in love.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Because I do not feel any desire to fight with those I love,” said he; “I never want to hurt those I love.”

“What! not to keep them from hurting you?” I asked.

“No,” said he. “But they will not wish to hurt me, if I love them; and even if they should, I would let them hurt me, rather than hurt them.”

“But,” said I, “the persons to whom I allude said that they fought in love!”

“I do not believe a word of it, although they did say so,” said Catherine. “Fighting in love!

only think of it! I could not believe it, if all the world should say so."

"Well," said I, "you shall hear my story; and then let us hear what you will say.

"Nathan and Frederick lived in Massachusetts. Nathan's father, one afternoon, was sitting in his front room, with the windows open, looking up the street, and watching for his son to come home from school. Nathan soon came down the street, walking slowly, with his hand to his face, as if nothing was the matter. He drew near, and his father saw that his face, hands, and jacket were covered with blood. He ran to the door, and met him.

"'What is the matter, Nathan?' said the alarmed father.

"'I have been fighting,' said he.

"His father took him into the house, wiped off the blood, and stanchd it. He then began to talk to Nathan.

"'With whom did you fight?' he asked.

“ ‘ With Frederick,’ said he.

“ ‘ What made you fight with him ?’ asked his father.

“ ‘ He struck me *first*,’ said Nathan.

“ ‘ Do you hate Frederick ?’ asked his father.

“ ‘ No, father,’ said he.

“ ‘ Does Frederick hate you ?’

“ ‘ No, father,’ said he, ‘ I don’t think he does.’

“ ‘ Your sad appearance looks as if the person with whom you fought hated you. Would you like to have Frederick punished for striking you ?’

“ ‘ No, sir,’ said Nathan.

“ ‘ Would Frederick like to have you punished for striking him ?’

“ ‘ No, sir,’ answered Nathan.

“ ‘ Well, my son,’ said his father, ‘ this has been a strange quarrel. You say that neither of you hates the other, or wants to have him punished. Do you *love* Frederick ?’

“ ‘ Yes,’ said he, after a little hesitation.

“ ‘ Does Frederick love you ?’ asked his father.

“ ‘ Yes, sir,’ faintly murmured Nathan.

“‘What on earth then did you fight for?’ asked his father, in real astonishment, not knowing what to make of this strange affair.

“Nathan hesitatingly answered, ‘*We fought because — because — we — we loved each other!*’

“‘There, children!’ said I, when I had finished the story, “what do you think of that? Cannot children fight in love?”

They all laughed heartily at the idea.

“What did Nathan’s father say?” asked a sweet-tempered little boy, named Lucius.

“It was too much for his gravity,” said I. “The idea of two boys, with flashing eyes and angry faces, beating and striking, and giving each other black eyes and bloody noses, all in love and gentle affection, was more than he could think of without laughing heartily.”

“No wonder,” said Rebecca; “it is enough to make any body laugh.”

“So it seems to me,” said I. “It is an insult to common sense to say that children or men can



fight in love. But if love cannot make you fight, what can ?”

“*Hatred and revenge*,” said Catherine.

“I believe it,” said I. “Since, then, we are bound to love our enemies, and since we cannot fight with them if we love them, what shall we do ?”

“Not fight with them at all,” said the children.

“What !” said I ; “not when they attack us ?”

“No, sir,” said all.

“What shall we then do to them when they attack us ?” I asked.

“We shall leave them to God, as Jesus did his enemies, and pray that he would forgive them,” answered Rebecca.

“True, dear children,” said I ; “thus did Jesus, and thus ought we to do ; for it is very certain that neither children nor men can fight in love.”

*Children taught to take Revenge.*

IN the Orphan Asylum in Philadelphia there were, one day, fifty children sitting before me in the school-room, anxiously looking at me, and waiting to hear what I had to say to them.

"Children," I asked, "what is *revenge*?"

"To strike those who strike us," said one.

"To break others' playthings, because they break ours," said another.

"To burn others' houses, because they burn ours," said a third.

"To shoot the British and burn their towns, because they shoot us and burn our towns," said a fourth.

"To knock another down, because he *threatens* to knock us down," said a fifth.

"Is it ever right to take revenge?" I asked.

"No, sir," answered all.

"What is opposed to revenge?" said I.

"Forgiveness," answered several.

Said David, "My little sister once bumped her

head against the table, and *mamma told her to beat the table*. Is not that teaching revenge?"

"The cat scratched my little brother," said Samuel, "and my father told him to kick the cat. Was that revenge?"

"Yes," said I, "in this way children are trained to the spirit and practice of revenge. Samuel's question reminds me of an incident that I will relate to you.

"I once visited Poughkeepsie, a beautiful village on the Hudson River, between New York and Albany. About twelve hundred children assembled in a large room, to hear me address them on the subject of temperance. The children had bright and happy faces, and looked as if they had never drank any thing but milk or cold water. I talked with them for nearly an hour, and advised them never to smoke, or chew, or snuff filthy tobacco, and I showed them that no drink could make them feel so good humored and joyous as pure cold water. A teetotaller, who was

a friend to children and to peace, asked me to go to his house and spend the night. I went home with him. He was called away immediately. I went in, sat on a sofa, and took a book to read. As I was reading, the following circumstance occurred:—

“The man had a little daughter, named Mary, two years of age. She was playing with a beautiful cat on the floor. She tossed a little ball, and the cat ran after it, and knocked it about with her paw. The cat had the ball in her mouth. The child tried to take it away. While she was pulling the ball, and striking the cat to make her let go, the cat scratched her. Mary was angry, and ran to her mother, crying, and holding out her hand for sympathy. Her mother was busy, and instead of noticing the injury, and trying to soothe the excited and angry feelings of her daughter, she said to her, ‘*Take the poker and give the cat a good beating.*’ The angry child seized the poker, and began to beat the cat. The cat jumped from chair to chair, tried to get out of

her reach, and was much frightened. At length poor pussy took refuge near me, under the sofa, while I took the poker from the child and put it in its place.

“Soon afterwards, the mother did something that displeased her daughter. Instantly the poker occurred again to the child’s mind. She knew not why she might not as well beat her mother as the cat. She seized the poker, and began to beat her mother with it.

“‘What have I done?’ exclaimed the mother, in great emotion.

“‘Yes, indeed, what have you done?’ I answered.

“‘But,’ said she, ‘I did not think I was teaching my daughter to wreak revenge on me, and to beat me, when I told her to beat the cat.’

“‘But the work is done,’ said I. ‘You have taught your child a lesson of revenge, which she will not soon forget. Years may not suffice to efface the cruel impression which the last half hour has made upon her heart.’

“‘I wish,’ said she, ‘I could recall the last half hour. I have taught her a lesson of revenge and cruelty, because I thought I could not *spare the time* to teach her a lesson of forgiveness and gentleness.’

“‘How much better for yourself and your child,’ said I, ‘to embrace every occasion of your daughter’s receiving an injury, to inculcate upon her mind the spirit and practice of forgiveness.’

“‘Henceforth, I will remember this,’ said the mother.”

The children were greatly interested in this story. I then asked them, “Children, what should that mother have done to her child, when she ran to her, crying and holding out her hand for sympathy?”

“She should have kissed her hand where the cat scratched it,” said one.

“She should have taken her into her lap and comforted her,” said another.

“She should have taken up the cat; too, and







WHIP BEHIND.

put it into Mary's arms, and ask her to stroke it and kiss it," said little Mary Bluff.



*Whip behind!*

PASSING up the Bowery, one of the principal streets in the city of New York, I once saw an exhibition of contemptible meanness and selfishness in a little boy. I could not learn his name, but I will call him Savage, for he showed a savage temper.

A cab (a one-horse carriage with two wheels, open behind, employed to carry people about the city) was passing by, the horse going pretty fast. Two boys were running behind, trying to jump up unperceived by the driver, that they might have a ride. One of them succeeded in jumping up. Just as Savage was about to do the same, the driver happened to strike his horse. The horse sprang forward, and left him behind. Savage was angry because the other boy had

succeeded in getting on, and he had not: he called out to the driver, "*Whip behind! whip behind!*" as loudly as he could. The driver heard him, swung his heavy lash round, and struck the boy across the face. The blow made a large cut in his face, and hurt him much. He fell from his seat upon the pavement, which hurt him more. Savage laughed at the poor little boy's sufferings, and stood on the footway taunting him: "You got it — I am glad of it."

Why did Savage cry out, "Whip behind"? It was not because he thought the boy had no business there, nor because he wanted to do the driver a favor, — for he would have got on himself, if he could have done so; but because of his mean and savage disposition. Had Savage got up, he would not have called to the driver, "Whip behind!" He would have been glad to enjoy the ride quietly, but now he could not bear to see the other boy enjoying a pleasure that he could not enjoy.

Let every body feel and know that you have

no wish to deprive him of any blessing because you cannot get it; that you have no desire to get or to keep any blessing or privilege by depriving him of it; and that if he succeed better in his enterprises than you do, you have no inclination to cry, "Whip behind!"



*Thomas, Gerald, and the Stick of Candy.*

THOMAS and Gerald lived in Rhode Island, and were brothers. One cold day, when the ground was frozen, they were out driving a hoop. Both boys were following and driving the same hoop. This is rather dangerous, as the boy who runs behind is in danger of throwing the other down. As they were driving their hoop down the street, running as fast as they could, Thomas, who was foremost, struck his foot against a stone, and fell headlong upon the frozen ground—coming down with violence upon his bare hands and face. Gerald, being close behind, and run

ning fast, could not stop, but came down with his whole weight on Thomas. This hurt Thomas still more, and he was angry with Gerald for falling on him.

They both rose. Thomas began to scold and storm at his brother, and to beat him. What did Gerald do? Did he cry out and strike in return? He did no such thing. He put his hand into his pocket hurriedly, fumbled about, and soon drew out a stick of candy, which he thrust into his brother's mouth, as he was scolding and beating him. Thomas instantly stopped scolding and beating Gerald, and he looked confused and ashamed. His brother urged him to take the candy. He took it and began to eat — evidently feeling very sorry that he had struck his generous brother.

Thus his wrath was disarmed, and his blows were stayed, by love and kindness.

What boy or girl does not know that a stick of candy is a better weapon to fight with, and more likely to insure victory, than a stick of wood, or a fist?

*Eliza and Susan.*

IN one of the Boston schools, a few years ago, there were two girls, named Eliza and Susan. Susan was generally affectionate and well-tempered, and was one of the best scholars in the school. She was seldom angry when others wronged her, and she rarely went to the teacher to complain, or to get her wrongs redressed. She was a general favorite in the school with both teachers and scholars. Eliza had a strong mind, learned rapidly, and, at times, showed much nobleness and generosity in her actions. But she frequently showed a hard, unfeeling, and malicious disposition in her intercourse with the scholars, and was unforgiving and revengeful. She had no kind friend at home to teach her better.

The teacher, feeling much pity for Eliza, and wishing to do all he could to improve her, placed her and Susan on the same seat, hoping that intimacy with Susan might be a help to her. But



there was often a coldness of feeling between the two girls, and it was shown by their sitting as far apart as they could on the bench, and by their angry looks and unkind words towards each other. It was evident to the teacher, and to the whole school, that there was no union of heart between them. Susan had often importuned the teacher to change her seat, as she felt so unhappy sitting by Eliza that she could not study. But he refused, hoping that she might be a benefit to Eliza.

One day Susan left her seat for a few moments. When she came back, she found her books and paper so torn and blotted with ink that they were unfit for use. Eliza had done it. Susan was greatly enraged, and concluded that this was an outrage too great to be borne or forgiven. She walked up to the teacher, her face red with passion. She entered her complaint, and gave such a coloring to Eliza's act as to make her temper and conduct appear as bad as possible. All pity and affection for Eliza were consumed



by her anger and desire for revenge. The teacher listened quietly while she detailed her wrongs, and let her anger, in some degree, expend itself in complaints. Then he replied, —

“ Well, Susan, I cannot deny that Eliza is the worst tempered girl in the school ; she gives me more trouble than all the rest, and I feel more anxiety for her than for any other. I hardly know what to do with her. What do you think ought to be done ? ”

“ Turn her out of the school,” said Susan.

“ I cannot endure to do that,” said the teacher ; “ for you know that she has no mother to watch over her, and her father is a poor miserable drunkard, and seldom takes any notice of her but to beat and abuse her. She would become a poor lost girl, I am sure, if I were to turn her out.”

“ Let me go to another seat, then,” said Susan.

“ I do not see how I can do that,” said the teacher, “ for the other seats are all filled ; and if I take you away, I must seat some other girl there, whom she would vex and trouble, perhaps,

more than she does you ; and you would not wish to take yourself out of trouble by getting others into it."

"Then I must ask my father to take me away from the school," said Susan, "for I cannot bear her any longer."

"But," added the teacher, "I cannot let you leave my school, Susan, for you are one of my best scholars. Do you think she would behave better if I were to punish her severely?"

"Yes, sir," said Susan.

"Would you and the whole school like to have her punished?" asked her teacher.

"We should all like it," said Susan, "for she is a plague to us all ; and all the scholars hate her, and cannot bear her."

"Well," said the teacher, "Eliza is an obstinate and revengeful girl. I have thought much about her, and I pity her. She has no kind mother or father to care for her, and teach her better. She was left, when very young, to run about the streets. She learns quickly, and would

be a noble girl, if she could govern her temper. I know not what to do with her. I have tried to subdue her temper, but she seems to grow worse and worse. I can hardly refrain from tears, when I think what will become of her. Nobody seems to love her, or to care for her. I thought you might do her good when I seated her beside you, but it seems she does you more harm than you do her good. You say the school all hate her, and cannot bear her. Poor lost girl! I must turn her out, and let her go!"

A new spirit was kindled in Susan's bosom by these remarks of the teacher. She hung her head, and her eyes were so full of tears that they began to roll down her cheeks.

"Dear Susan," said the teacher, "what is the matter? Why do you weep?"

"I was thinking about Eliza," said Susan.

"You need not cry about it, Susan," said the teacher; "for Eliza shall not trouble you any more. As none of the scholars love her, and as I do not feel I could punish the poor motherless

girl severely, no alternative is left me but to turn her out of the school."

"Perhaps," said Susan, sobbing, "if she had a kind mother and father to take care of her, she would behave better."

"Probably she would," said the teacher; "but her mother died when she was an infant, and her drunken father hardly ever speaks a kind word to her, but swears at her, and beats her. But you may go to your seat now, Susan, and Eliza shall trouble you no more after to-day. She shall leave the school."

But Susan did not stir; she stood sobbing and crying.

"Why do you not go to your seat, Susan?" asked the teacher sharply. "Why do you stand crying? I told you Eliza should not stay in the school, to trouble you any more."

"I do not want Eliza to be turned out," said Susan.

"How is this?" asked the teacher. "You wished me just now to turn her out. What has altered your mind?"

“She will have none to love her, or to care for her, if you turn her out,” said Susan, sobbing.

“But if she remain,” said the teacher, “there will be nobody to love her, or to care for her; for you said you all hated her, and could not bear her”

“I did hate her then,” said Susan.

“Why?” asked the teacher.

“Because I was thinking,” said Susan, “how she tore and inked my books, and did all she could to trouble me.”

“Why do you not hate her now?” asked the teacher.

“Because,” replied Susan, “I am thinking what will become of her.”

“Susan,” said the teacher, “Eliza has wronged you very much. But in treating you as she does, whom do you really think she injures the more, herself or you?”

“Herself,” was the reply.

“Indeed she does,” said the teacher. “When she is angry, pinches you, strikes you, tears or

inks your books, or injures you in any way, *she always does a deeper and more lasting injury to herself than to you.* She strengthens her own evil temper, makes every one hate and shun her, and is preparing herself for sorrow and wretchedness. It is dreadful to think what will be the end of the poor girl, if she go on in this way. But you say you do not wish me to turn her out of school. You wished me just now to punish her before the whole school, and said that you and all the other scholars would like to see me do it. Shall I gratify you now?"

"O, no, sir," said she.

"Why?" asked the teacher.

"Perhaps," said Susan, "she will not do so any more; and she is a poor motherless, friendless girl."

"Well, I must do something with her," said the teacher. "She deserves punishment. So you may go to your seat, and tell Eliza to come here."

"O, don't punish her," said Susan, wholly unable to contain herself.

“Susan,” said the teacher “this is strange conduct of yours. I hardly know what to think of it. I have always loved and pitied Eliza myself, and have done all I could to help her. She has always felt dear to me, for I knew she had no mother, and that her drunken father was most unkind to her. I knew that you all hated her, and I could hardly keep from weeping when you told me what she had done, and that all the school would be glad to see her punished, and turned out. But now that I have offered to turn her out, or to punish her, you ask me not to do so. Now if you will tell me what I shall do to her, I will do it.”

“I do not want any thing to be done to her,” said Susan.

“Then you may take your things and go to another seat,” said the teacher. “You cannot wish to sit with her any longer.”

The scene had become painful to Susan. She was entirely overcome. She begged that she might still be allowed to sit with Eliza.



“Well, my dear Susan,” said the teacher, “if you only would try to love Eliza, and not become angry when she injures you, and would endeavor to overcome her bad temper, I should greatly like you to sit with her; for she will be a lost girl, if something be not done with her. Do you think you can love her, and forget all that is past, and try to do her good, whatever she may do to you?”

“I will make the effort, if you will let me sit with her,” said Susan.

“Then you may try it a few days longer,” said the teacher.

When Susan went to her seat, her anger and revenge were all gone. Pity for Eliza had triumphed in her mind. She had forgotten and forgiven the injury Eliza had done her, and she thought only of the injury the poor girl was doing to herself, and of the misery she was bringing on herself, and of her friendless and outcast condition. Susan lost sight of herself, and of all her wrongs, and thought only of Eliza. She

took her seat, sat close to Eliza, put her arms round her, leaned her head on her shoulder, and wept! Poor Eliza was wholly unprepared for conduct like this. Susan's affection and sympathy touched the right chord in her heart. She could nerve herself against anger, blows, and all unkindness, but she could not resist such sisterly affection. She returned Susan's embrace, and before the whole school, two girls, recently so angry with each other, were weeping in each other's arms. Eliza did what she could to compensate Susan for the injury she had done to her. The two girls sat no longer apart on the ends of the seat. Their *hearts* came together, and that drew their persons together. It could not be said any more that Eliza had no one to love her, or care for her. Susan loved her, and cared for her. The whole school began to love her, and to care for her. As others loved her, she loved them. The generosity of her heart, the ardor of her affections, and the energy of her character

began to be developed, and she became one of the best scholars in the school.

Thus Susan began to love her enemy, *by thinking more of her than of herself*. While her mind dwelt on the injuries that Eliza had done to her, she was full of anger and revenge, and was eager to have her punished; but the moment she forgot herself, and her own wrongs, and began to think of Eliza, of her ungovernable, revengeful temper, and of the injury she was doing to herself by indulging it, and of her unloved and neglected condition, her resentment disappeared, love and forgiveness sprang up in her heart, and she would have preferred to be punished herself rather than see her friend punished.

Anger always separates children, keeps them asunder, and leads them to regard one another with feelings of hatred and revenge. Anger never brings them together, except to fight with and hurt one another. But love always draws children close together, even into one another's arms, and will not let them remain asunder.

When children hate one another, it is easy enough to keep them separate; but if they love one another, they will be sure to come together.



*The generous Brother.*

ON the 19th of March, 1842, I called at the Orphans' Asylum in Philadelphia, to talk to the children. They were all in the school-room with their teacher. I spent some time in talking with them.

"Children," I asked, "why is there so little quarrelling among you in the asylum? There are nearly one hundred children, all in one family, and you are together most of the time. I have been with you a great deal, but have seldom known any of you get angry and strike one of your school-fellows. Why is it so?"

"Because we love each other with a love that *seeketh not her own*," answered several of the children.

“How can that kind of love keep you from fighting?” I asked.

“It makes us give up to each other,” said one.

“It makes us willing to suffer, rather than make others suffer,” said another.

“It will not let us push others down, when they push us down,” said a third.

“It makes us give up the best things to others,” said a fourth.

“It makes us willing that others should have the biggest piece of bread,” said a fifth.

“When our friends bring us any thing, it makes us willing to share it with others,” said a sixth.

Such were the answers that I took down.

“That is the reason why you quarrel so seldom,” said I. “If you love each other in that way, you cannot fight. If others hurt you, and you love them with such a love, they will seldom hurt you again. Such love towards them will make them very careful how they injure you.”

Then the teacher told the following story, to illustrate the love that seeketh not her own: —

“There are two brothers in the asylum,” said she; “James and Joseph. James is ten, and Joseph seven years old. James made a disturbance one day last week, and as a punishment I sent him to bed, to lie there all day. At noon I sent Joseph up with his brother’s dinner. Joseph came down, looking very sorrowful.

“‘Well, Joseph,’ said I, ‘does James eat his dinner?’

“‘No, ma’am,’ said Joseph; and he burst out sobbing and crying.

“‘What is the matter, Joseph?’ I asked.

“‘Miss Charlotte,’ said he, ‘do let brother James get up and come down to play.’

“I was much moved,” continued the teacher, “to see the affectionate and generous earnestness of Joseph in behalf of his brother. He begged me to go up and see him. I did so; and when I went into the room, Joseph continued to plead for James.

“‘Would you be willing, Joseph,’ said I, ‘to take his place in the bed, and lie there all day?’

“ ‘Yes, ma’am,’ said he, ‘if you will let James get up and go down and play with the boys.’

“But I could not let James off, and confine his generous brother.”

“This,” said I to the children, when the teacher had finished her story, “is love that seeketh not her own. It will lead you to suffer for the benefit of others, and will keep you from making others suffer for your benefit. It will lead you to *die* to save those you love, but it will never lead you to *kill* others to save yourselves.”

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### *Going to Law.*

GASPARD and Frantz were neighbors. They had a dispute about a meadow. Frantz said, “The meadow is mine.” “No, it is mine,” said Gaspard.

Thus they contended. Frantz went to the judge to get him to settle the dispute. The judge



appointed a day to meet them, and to decide who should have the meadow. It was summer, and the meadow was ready for mowing. Gaspard took his scythe, went into the meadow, and began to mow. Frantz saw him, went out to him, and said, —

“My friend, you know we are at variance about this piece of ground.”

“Yes,” said Gaspard; “but as I know that the meadow belongs to me, I have been mowing it.”

“But I have applied to the judge,” said Frantz, “that he may decide which of us is in the right; and he has appointed to-morrow for us to appear before him, and tell our stories, that he may declare to whom it belongs.”

“Frantz,” answered Gaspard, “you see I have begun to mow the meadow. I must gather in the hay to-morrow. I cannot go.”

“What is to be done?” answered Frantz. “How can I disappoint the judge who has fixed on to-morrow to decide the question? Besides, I

think it is necessary to know to whom the ground really belongs, before gathering in the crop."

Thus they disputed for some time. At length, Gaspard seized Frantz's hand, and said, —

"I'll tell you what, my friend, I have just thought of a plan to settle it."

"What is it?" asked Frantz.

"Why," said Gaspard, "you can go alone to the judge. First give him your reasons for thinking that the meadow is yours. Then give him my reasons for thinking that it is mine. Argue on both sides. Why need I go at all? I will leave it all to you."

"Agreed!" said Frantz; "and since you trust me with the management of your side, depend upon it I shall act for the best."

Frantz set off the next day to meet the judge, and Gaspard went to gather in the hay. Frantz first argued on his own side. Then he began to argue for his friend with all his might. The verdict was given in Gaspard's favor. Frantz hastened back to his neighbor.

“I congratulate you, friend Gaspard,” cried he, as soon as he saw him; “the meadow is yours, and I am glad the dispute is at an end.”

What a kind and loving way was this to settle disputes, and to manage lawsuits! Whenever any body goes to law with you, or seeks for redress by appealing to judges and courts, do as Gaspard did, rather than go to law; ask your opponent to argue on both sides, and to manage your cause, and state your reasons as well as his own; thus there would be an end of lawsuits.



### *A true Hero.*

PAUL and James were brothers—one was nine, the other twelve years of age. They attended the same school. James, the younger, was ill tempered and obstinate, but much beloved by Paul. The teacher, one day, was about to punish James, when Paul stepped up and said to him, —

“I wish you would punish me, and spare my little brother!”

The teacher was surprised, and said, “My dear Paul, you are one of my best boys. You have done nothing to deserve punishment. I cannot punish you.”

“But,” said Paul, “I shall suffer more in seeing my brother’s disgrace and punishment than I should from any thing you could do to me. My brother is a little boy, younger than I am. Pray, sir, allow me to take all the punishment, I can bear any thing from you, sir, Do take me, and let my little brother go.”

“Well, James,” said the teacher, “what do you say to this noble offer of Paul?”

James looked at his brother, and said nothing.

“Do let me be punished, and let my brother go,” urged Paul.

“Why, my dear Paul,” said the teacher, “do you wish to receive the stripes instead of James?”

“Jesus gave his back to the smiters,” said Paul, “and received stripes for the good of his

enemies. James is my brother. O, sir, do forgive him, and let me be punished."

"But James does not ask me to forgive him," said the teacher. "Why should you feel so anxious about it, my dear boy? Does he not deserve correction?"

"O yes, sir," said Paul; "he has broken the rules, and is sullen and wilful. But do take me, and spare my brother."

Paul threw his arms round his brother's neck, and wept as if his heart would break. This was more than poor James could bear. His tears began to flow, and he embraced his generous brother.

The teacher clasped them both in his arms, and blessed them.

So would our heavenly Father fold all his children in his arms, and shelter them in the bosom of his love, if they would all love one another as Paul loved his brother. Then what a sweet and pleasant world this would be! Then would there be "*peace on earth.*"

*Flog, or be flogged; kill, or be killed.*

I WAS once riding in a stage coach between Gloucester and Boston, in Massachusetts. There was a man in the coach whom they called *captain*. He conversed on the tendency of our literary, religious, and political institutions to foster in our children the savage spirit of revenge.

“From their earliest infancy,” I remarked, “through all the stages of education, our children are taught to ‘resist evil,’ to ‘avenge themselves,’ to ‘recompense evil for evil,’ and to hate and kill their enemies, rather than to love and forgive them.”

“What would you have them taught?” exclaimed the captain, in astonishment.

“To love their enemies,” said I; “to ‘resist *not* evil,’ to ‘recompense to *no* man evil for evil,’ and to leave vengeance to God.”

“What!” he exclaimed, “would you teach our children to submit tamely and meanly to insults and injuries like cowards?”

"I would have them imbued," said I, "with the gentle, generous, and daring spirit of Christian love and forgiveness, rather than with the mean, treacherous, and dastardly spirit of revenge."

"Do you call the martial spirit mean, selfish, and dastardly?" asked the valiant captain.

"Indeed I do," said I. "The martial spirit that leads men to kill their enemies, rather than die themselves, is the very essence of meanness, selfishness, treachery, and cowardice."

"What would you say of military *glory*?" asked the captain.

"That it is, in reality, shame and infamy," said I; "that it is no better than the fame of the highway robber and the midnight assassin."

"War," said the captain, "is a glorious trade, and a soldier's profession the most honorable of all callings."

"To butcher men a glorious trade!" I exclaimed. "Can it be an honorable calling to engage, for a few pence a day, to make widows and



orphans, and fill the world with sorrow and mourning? I envy not the heart that covets such honor and glory."

"I wish," said the captain, "that all our children may be imbued with the martial spirit."

"I wish they may be imbued with the spirit of Jesus," said I.

"What sort of citizens would they then make?" asked the captain.

"They would be generous, self-forgetting, self-sacrificing men, daring to die, but fearing to kill. What would you make them?"

The captain was silent.

"You would fill them with the military spirit," said I, "and thus make them revengeful, inhuman, murderous monsters."

"I have a son," said the captain, "and what do you think I said to him the other day?"

"Let us hear, if you please," said I.

"He came home from school," continued the captain, "in a sad plight; his face scratched, bruised, and bloody. 'Who did that?' I asked.

“ ‘One of the boys,’ said my son.

“ ‘Did you flog him?’

“ ‘No, sir,’ said he.

“ ‘Did you try?’

“ ‘No, sir,’ said he.

“ ‘I have always told you,’ said I, ‘to resent injuries, and show some spirit, and vindicate your honor, when others insult you. Why did you not knock him down?’

“ ‘Because,’ said my son, ‘I thought it would be wrong to strike those who struck me.’ ”

“That was a noble answer,” said I to the captain.

“Do you really think so?” he asked.

“Indeed I do,” I answered. “It showed a generous and daring spirit that I love to see in children.”

“I do not,” said the captain. “It is too tame and submissive for me.”

“Tame and submissive!” I exclaimed. “Was Jesus tame and cowardly when he died praying for his enemies, ‘Father, forgive them; they know

not what they do'? Was Stephen a coward, when he prayed for his enemies, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge'? But what did you say to your son?"

"I said to him," answered the captain, "'Well, my son, if any body strike you again, and you do not flog him, I will flog you!'"

Thus children, instead of being taught nobly to love and forgive, as Jesus did, are taught meanly to hate and revenge. "An eye for an eye" — "a tooth for a tooth" — "a blow for a blow" — "blood for blood" — is the lesson that is taught them. This is the language of military defence. It says, "Hate your enemies," "resist evil," "avenge yourselves," "learn to fight, or you shall be fined, imprisoned, or killed;" "flog your enemies, or I will flog you; murder them, or I will murder you." Thus love to enemies, and forgiveness, are made crimes, punishable with death! How unjust and inhuman!

*Children entreating their Father to help them to fight.*

"FATHER, Alonzo struck me," said Julian.

"Well, my son," said his father, very quietly, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Why — why, father," said the boy, "I — I — thought you would like to know it."

"You, my son, can do all that ought to be done to him."

"But, father, you have often told me I must love him, and never strike him, even if he strikes me."

"Is it because you love your brother, my son, that you did not strike him when he struck you?"

"Yes, father," said Julian, faintly.

"Well, my son, I am glad you did not strike him, but rather came to me with your complaint. What do you want me to do to him?"

"Why, father, I thought you would wish to punish him if he struck me."

"Do you wish me to whip your brother?" asked his father.

“Why, father, you always tell us that you will help us to settle our disputes, if we will come to you.”

“So you would be glad to see him whipped, would you, Julian?”

Julian hung his head, and made no answer.

“Alonzo! my dear son, come here,” said their father.

Alonzo came near, and the two brothers stood by their father.

“Alonzo,” said their father, “Julian says you struck him, and he seems to wish me to whip you.”

“Julian kicked me, father, before I struck him,” said Alonzo.

“That alters the case,” said the father. “Julian did not tell me that he had done you any injury.”

“I should not have struck him if he had not kicked me,” said Alonzo.

“Who ever saw the like of this? Here are two brothers, each trying to enlist their father in a quarrel against the other. How often have I

said to you, 'Children, love each other, and never fight;' and now each of you wishes me to punish the other."

Alonzo was an affectionate little boy, and loved Julian very much, except when he was angry with him.

"Alonzo," continued their father, "do you wish me to punish your brother?"

Alonzo did not answer immediately, but looked at Julian. After a while he said, —

"No, father; I do not wish to have him punished."

"But Julian wishes me to whip you, Alonzo."

"No matter, father," said Alonzo, "I do not wish to have my brother whipped."

"What!" said their father, "not if he wishes to have you whipped?"

"No, father," said Alonzo, whose heart began to warm towards his brother. By this time he had come round close to him, and had taken his hand.

"Well, Julian," said their father, 'do you still wish me to whip your brother?"

"No, father," said Julian, subdued by the gentle affection of his brother; "I do not wish my little brother to be punished."

"Julian my son how is this? Just now you seemed to wish me to take sides with you against your brother, and to help you to punish him."

"That was when I was angry with him," said Julian, as he stood with his arm drawn round his brother. "I do not want you to punish him now. I would rather you should whip me."

"The next time, then," said their father, "that your brother hurts you in any way, wait till your anger is all gone, and till you can put your arm round him, and love him as you now do, before you come to ask me to help you to punish him. Never strike him yourself, nor kick him, whatever he does to you, till you can fold him in your arms, and love him as you do at this moment."

"Why, father, then I should never strike him at all," said Julian, "nor tell you if he struck me."

"All the better," said their father; "then you would never get into a quarrel."



So let all children do. When others strike you, never strike them in return, or ask your parents or teachers to strike them, till you can put your arms round them in gentle love and affection.

How unnatural it looks to see children importuning their father to help them to punish each other! What shall be said of those who ask our heavenly Father to help his children to fight and kill each other? This is what all soldiers do, when they pray for success before going to battle. They say, in effect, "*Our Father in heaven, do help thy children to kill one another!*"

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*The Boy, the Woodchuck,\* and the Rabbit.*

"FATHER," said Eustace, "I do not like to kill rabbits so well as to kill woodchucks."

\* This animal is common in the United States. It burrows in the ground, is about the size of a rabbit, of nearly the same form and color as the raccoon, and is thinly covered with coarse hair. Being injurious to the corn crops, it is much persecuted by farmers.

“Why, my son?” asked his father.

“Because,” replied Eustace, “rabbits will not fight. They will not get angry and bite, but they lie down and die, and look so pitiful and beseeching, and seem to say, ‘I forgive you.’ It always makes me feel sorry to kill rabbits.”

“How do you feel, my son, when you kill woodchucks?” asked his father.

“O, I love to kill them,” said Eustace; “for they get angry, and bite, and fight with me. They look fierce and savage, and try to keep me from killing them. That makes me angry, and then I can kill them without pity. I never feel sorry for killing woodchucks.”

This little story explains the secret of all wars and fights. The way to conquer is, *never to fight*.



### *Willie the Conqueror, and George.*

THESE boys are brothers, and live in Boston. I have frequently been a guest in their father's

house, and have had much conversation with them about quarrelling. They are active boys; they love to run and play, and, in the height of their frolics, often hurt each other. When Willie hurts George, whether intentionally or not, George is apt to get angry and strike him.

Once, while spending a few days in the family, I sat in my bedchamber, writing. George and Willie came into the room to see me, and to talk with me about giving "a kiss for a blow." These brothers love each other much. Willie loves George, and thinks all that he says and does is right. When any thing happens to George, Willie feels it as much as he does; and when George becomes fretful, turbulent, and noisy in the parlor, so as to disturb the family, and be sent out of the room, Willie always goes with him to share his disgrace and punishment. Yet, though they thus love each other, they sometimes get angry and quarrel with each other.

"Boys," said I, "do you love each other?"

"I love George," said Willie, as he stood with one arm round his brother.

“Does George love you?” said I to Willie.

“George gives me his good things,” said Willie.

“Does he ever strike and kick you?” I asked.

“Yes,” answered Willie, “sometimes, when he is angry with me.”

“Does he love you when he strikes you?” I asked.

Willie looked at George a moment, and then at me, and said, —

“If he loved me, he would not strike me, would he?”

George said, “But Willie hurts me sometimes.”

“Does he hurt you on purpose?” I asked.

“Sometimes he does,” said George.

“Can you love him, when you strike him?” said I.

George was silent. George and Willie began to play, and I continued my writing. The two brothers were soon screaming and quarrelling. The quarrel happened in the following manner: —

While Willie stood beside the bed, George

crept under it, and playfully seized Willie by the ankle, to drag him down. Willie struggled to break loose from his grasp. At this time both were in high good humor, and laughing merrily. In their struggle and thoughtless merriment, Willie accidentally trod upon George's finger and hurt him. The moment he had done so, Willie seemed grieved and sorry, and said to George, "I did not mean to hurt you. I am sorry I trod on your finger, George." But George was angry, and began to scream, for his finger was in pain. He leaped from under the bed, and began to beat his brother, paying no attention to Willie's protestations of innocence. Willie did not strike in return, though he received several severe blows. Though grieved at George's unreasonable anger, and pained by his cruel blows, yet he showed no animosity, nor did he call George *names*, nor strike him, but patiently endured all his ill treatment. What effect had Willie's forbearance upon George? George, while his anger remained, continued to beat his brother; but when

he saw Willie's forbearance, his anger was subdued, and his blows were stayed; at length he went into a corner of the room, and cried much more bitterly than he had done when he was hurt. Willie, like a generous little boy, tried to soothe and comfort him, but this only made him feel the more unhappy, and weep the more bitterly.

Why did George weep and feel so unhappy? It was not because Willie had trod upon his finger, for the pain of his hurt had ceased. It was not that Willie had struck him and hurt him, for Willie had not struck him, nor even been angry with him. No, George wept and felt unhappy when he thought how he had been angry with his brother, and had struck and kicked him without any cause. It was Willie's patient suffering that conquered poor George's anger, and made him weep.

*Second Thoughts are best.*

LITTLE William lives near Boston. He is six years of age. He is a mild, gentle, and generous boy, but he sometimes exhibits a *selfish* spirit. When asked to do any thing, he is apt to say, "Why can't brother Edward do it?"

I was at his father's house, in the time of hay-harvest. It was a very warm day. Edward was in the meadow, tossing and raking hay with his father. William was in the house with his mother.

"William," said his mother, "I wish you would clean the knives."

"Mother," said William, "I would rather not."

"Why?" asked his mother.

"I have no time to spare to clean knives," answered William.

"No time!" exclaimed his mother. "Why, what have you to do?"

"Why, mother, I have so much business to attend to, I have no time for any thing," said he.



“What business have you on hand to occupy your time, my son?”

“Why — why — mother, I must attend to my play.”

“But you can clean the knives, and then have time enough to play,” said his mother.

“Mother, the truth is, I would rather play than clean knives,” said William.

“But the knives must be cleaned.”

“Let Edward clean them,” said William.

“He is in the meadow, making hay,” said his mother.

“Let him clean them when he comes in,” said William.

“He will be tired after working in the hot sunshine all day, and will wish to sit down and rest when he comes in,” said his mother.

“Mother, why do you urge me to clean the knives, when you know I want to play?” said William.

“Because you ought to help to do the work,” said his mother.

“I am willing to help to do the work when I do not wish to play,” said William. “Edward can clean them when he comes in.”

“Do you think it is right to leave this for your brother to do when he is tired?” said his mother. “You do not seem to love Edward much, or you would not leave all the work for him to do.”

“Mother, I wish you would not talk to me so. I do not like to hear it,” said William.

“Why?” asked his mother.

“Because, mother, I do not feel happy when you talk to me in that way,” said William.

“Well, dear William, it seems to me that you want your brother to do all the work, that you may have full time to play. If you think it right to do so, you may go and play, and I will clean the knives,” said his mother.

William took the knives, and cleaned them.

*Self-sacrificing Love.*

ELLEN is twelve years old, Mary ten, Charles eight, and Lucia Anne six. They are brother and sisters, and were born in the delightful village of Plymouth, among the picturesque and almost inaccessible hills called the Haystacks. Plymouth stands on the banks of the Pemagewasset — that beautiful river which rises in the White Mountains, the Alps of the United States, and after a course of one hundred miles through the state of New Hampshire, joins the noble Merrimack, so often celebrated in the poetry of Whittier.

These children are endeared to all who know them. No children on earth are more dear to my heart; there are none in whose welfare I feel a deeper interest. I have spent many happy and profitable hours in their society, sitting on a sofa with Lucia Anne on my knee, Ellen on one side, Mary on the other, and Charles standing by me. In this position we have had many pleasant con-

versations about the best way to prevent all quarrelling. I have often told them, on these occasions, that the only way for them to live in peace is, *never to seek to promote their own interests at the expense of their neighbors.*

Though sometimes a little peevish and fretful, these children are generally extremely gentle, loving, and kind to one another. I have often seen beautiful and affecting illustrations of the loving, self-sacrificing spirit of peace among them in their treatment of each other. The following little incident gave me peculiar pleasure at the time it occurred:—

I was once the bearer of an apple to each of them, from a little girl in a distant part of the same state. When I arrived at their father's house, they crowded round me, and I produced the apples. The largest was sent to Ellen, the next in size to Mary, the third to Charles, and the smallest to Lucia Anne. As I wished to prove whether they were generous, and willing to give up to one another, I first told them to whom

each apple was sent, and then, holding out the apples, I told Ellen to take her choice. Without hesitation, she took the least and poorest of the four apples. Mary followed her example, and took the least of the remaining three.

I then asked Charles to choose. He looked at the apples, and perceiving that one was much larger and better than the other, he looked at Lucia Anne — then again at the apples — then at me — then again at Lucia Anne. There was an evident struggle in his mind, and it was doubtful which would triumph — his selfishness, or his generous love for his sweet little sister; for he loved her dearly, and she loved him. I said nothing to him, but let him decide for himself. At length his face brightened; he had made up his mind; he took the smaller apple, and left the best and largest for Lucia Anne.

“Here, my dear little Anne,” said I, “they have all left the largest and best apple for you.”

“I want Charlie to have the best and largest apple,” said Lucia Anne.

I pressed the generous little girl to my heart, delighted to see her self-denying love for her brother, which would not let her rest till she had given him a piece of her apple.

This is the way to prevent all angry feelings and quarrels among children. Let them esteem it a privilege to give the largest and best of every thing to each other. If Ellen, Mary, Charles, and Lucia Anne had contended each for the best apple, only think what a quarrel there would have been !

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*The little Peacemaker.*

EUNICE, Amy, and Otis, two sisters and a brother, lived in Boston. The sisters were passionate and selfish, and often quarrelled. Otis was an affectionate, generous-hearted boy, and loved his sisters dearly. They were both older than he was, and warmly attached to him. The sisters often quarrelled with each other, but never with him, for he never would quarrel with them.

One day I called to see them. We were together in the dining-room, chatting and laughing pleasantly. Otis had two of Peter Parley's books. He stood by me, showing me the pictures in one of them. Eunice and Amy sat at a little distance from us, and were looking at the other book. I soon heard Amy, in a fretful manner, say, —

“I want to take it.”

“You shall not touch it,” said Eunice.

“I say I will,” said Amy.

“Get along!” said Eunice. “You shall not touch it till I have done looking at it.”

“I say I will,” said Amy. “You have looked at it all through before.”

“I don't care if I have,” said Eunice; “that is none of your business. You shall not have it.”

“Give it up!” screamed Amy; and she flew at Eunice, to snatch it away from her.

“Stand off!” cried Eunice; and at the same time struck her sister on the head with the book.

Amy was full of anger, and struck Eunice in the face. All sisterly affection and gentleness



were now forgotten. They seemed full of hatred, and beat each other like deadly enemies.

Otis was grieved to see his sisters angry and fighting, and he tried to divert my attention, so that I should not notice it. But when they came to blows, I could not avoid seeing them.

What did Otis now do? Did he take sides with either of his sisters, and urge them to fight? No; the kind little brother rushed in between them, regardless of himself, and cried out, —

“O sisters! do stop this fighting, and love each other.”

“Let Eunice give up the book, then,” said Amy, struggling.

“I will not,” screamed Eunice, in great anger, and at the same time pushed down Otis, who had hold of her arm to keep her from striking Amy.

Otis sprang up, and again tried to separate them, and said, —

“Dear sisters, do stop fighting, and love each other, and you may have both the books.”

At last they stopped fighting, and stood apart,

regarding each other with a most angry, unsisterly scowl of defiance. I wish all children would view themselves in a looking-glass, when their faces become distorted with anger, just to see what horrible faces they make. I am sure it would help to cure their anger.

Otis came back to me, covered his face with his hands, and wept.

"I wish my dear sisters would not get angry, and fight," said the gentle boy, his heart ready to burst with grief.

"Do not cry about it, Otis," said I. "Perhaps they will not do so any more."

"I would give them every thing I have, if they would only love each other, and not quarrel," said he.

"Can we not do something to reconcile them," I asked, "and make them cheerful and happy in each other's love?"

"Do try to get them to love each other," said the noble boy. "See how cross they look at each other, and how unhappy they are. Do try to bring them together."

"Amy," I asked, "will you not come to me?"

She stood, and looked sullen and wretched.

"Dear Amy," I said, "do come to me. I want to speak with you."

After a while she came and stood beside me; and, as she did so, Otis put his arm round her, and drew her close to him.

"My dear little girl," said I, "how sad and sorrowful it looks to see two sisters losing all sisterly affection, and fighting! You look most unhappy."

"Eunice would not let me see the book," said she.

"What of that?" said I. "That does not excuse your anger and fighting. It surely does not make you feel any happier to fight. Do you think it does, Eunice?"

Eunice was standing in one corner of the room, looking very miserable. She did not reply.

"Do come here, dear Eunice," said I, "and tell me, do you think it is a pleasant sight to see two sisters fighting?"

She hesitated. Otis, in his generous love, went to her, took her by the hand, and said, —

“Do come, sister, and stand close to Amy, and let us talk.”

Otis drew her along till she came near.

“She struck me and hurt me,” said Eunice, by way of excuse.

“I do not care,” said Amy; “she would not let me see the book.”

“O, dear sisters,” exclaimed Otis, “do not speak and look so cross at each other. Do love each other.”

There stood the little peacemaker between his sisters, with an arm round each, entreating them to be reconciled!

“Well,” said I, “who ever saw two sisters, who eat and play together, and sleep together in each other’s arms, look as you do now? Do, Eunice, put your arms round Amy, and kiss her, and be reconciled.”

She would not do it.

“Do kiss Amy,” said Otis.

Eunice was stubborn.

"Amy, will you not kiss your sister?" I asked. She looked at her, but hesitated.

"Do kiss her, sister," said Otis; and the generous boy most passionately urged his request. "Do kiss Eunice, sister; do, this once."

She refused.

"Well, Otis, my dear boy," said I, "you will kiss Amy?"

He threw his arms about her neck. She struggled to get away, but he would not be repulsed.

"Do be kind and loving to Eunice and to me," said he. "You may have both my books, if you will."

I could not but turn away and weep, to see the generous brother's efforts to soothe and calm his angry sisters. Poor Amy! she could not resist any longer the persevering affection of her brother. Her heart was ready to break, and she clasped her brother to her bosom, exclaiming, —

"I will, dear brother; I will love her, and you too, and never fight any more."

Eunice could retain her anger no longer. She put her arms round them both; and there they all were, weeping for joy in each other's arms!

"Now you know," said I, as I drew the reconciled group to my bosom, mingling my tears with theirs, "how much happier we are when we are loving and kind to one another. How much easier and pleasanter it is to be gentle and tender in our intercourse with one another!"

There the children stood by my side, their arms round one another, and we had a happy time together.

What a blessed peacemaker was Otis! All children who read this story will wish they had just such a brother as he was. Instead of encouraging his sisters to fight, he most earnestly and affectionately sought to prevent it. Children, when they see two boys or girls fighting, often form a ring round them and urge them on. They seem to think it is good sport to see brothers and sisters fight. It is a horrible sight to me. If any thing is *more* horrible, it is to see a compa-

ny of playmates standing round, shouting, and urging them on!

How much more generous and noble were the spirit and conduct of Otis! How tenderly he sought to soothe and comfort his sisters, and to make them love each other! And he succeeded. Heaven bless the dear, generous boy! And Heaven does bless him; for, "*blessed are the peacemakers.*"

We are all brothers and sisters. We have one Father in heaven, who loves all his children. How horrible to see these brothers and sisters angry with one another, and fighting! How horrible to see them urging one another on in the deadly conflict! Our Father calls to us, and says, "My children, live in peace;" and yet we are often seen shouting, and clapping, and stimulating each other to mutual hatred and slaughter.

Then the party that kills the most, and conquers the other, is very glad. They fire cannon, ring bells, celebrate feasts, sing and dance, and walk in processions, to boast and glory in their



deeds of blood and murder. Brothers and sisters stimulating one another to deeds of blood; and, still more horrible, praying their common Father to help them to butcher one another!

How much better it would be to do as Otis did—to throw the arm of affection round our angry brethren, soothe and calm their wrathful feelings, and prevent them from wounding and murdering one another!

There is not a man living, who would not approve the sweet spirit and generous conduct of Otis. “Blessings on him!” all must say. Let all imitate him, and then it will be said of us all, “*Blessed are the peacemakers!*”



“*Peace, be still!*”

ADELINE was a lovely child—a bright and joyous creature, though from her earliest childhood she was subject to acute pains. Even the severe sufferings she experienced never seemed to weary

or depress her spirits. Love to all around her was the chief element of her being. *She dwelt in love.*

When she was about three years old, she suffered much from restless nights, and often awoke in pain. At such times her sister, who slept with her, would try to compose her by repeating hymns and Bible stories. One night she happened to relate how Jesus stilled the storm and the waves. Those mighty words, "*Peace, be still!*" had a wonderful effect upon her mind. Her moans ceased, and she soon was tranquilly sleeping on her sister's bosom.

These sweet and precious words ever after seemed to abide with her. Often she would awake in great pain, and say, "Sister, tell me how Jesus said, '*Peace, be still!*'" And the words that stilled the raging of the waves seemed to have the same effect upon the jarring and sickly elements of her body.

She did not dwell long in this world. The last words she spoke, as she raised her sweet face, convulsed with pain, to her sister, were, "O,

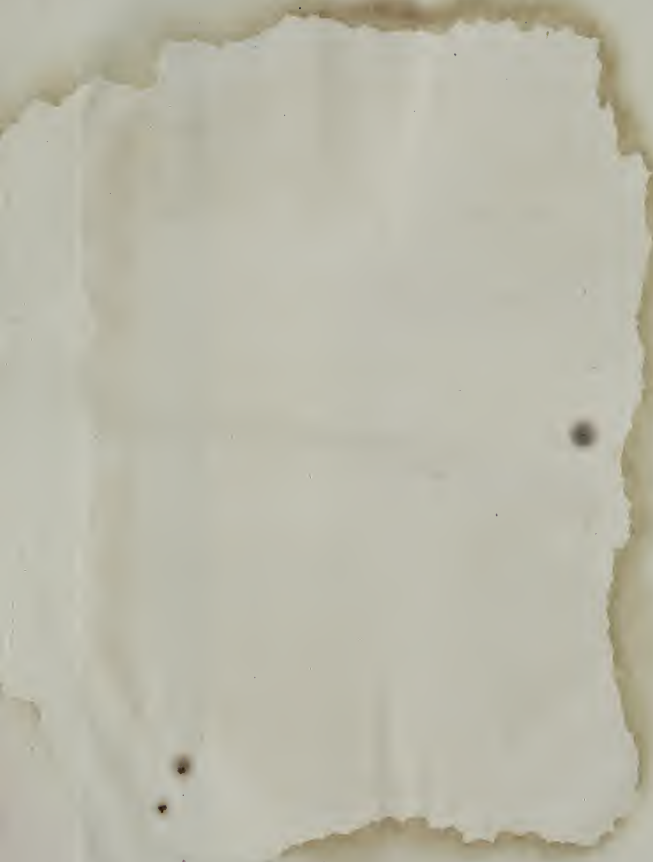
sister, tell me once more how Jesus said, ‘ *Peace, be still!* ’ ”

So let us all unite, and tell this fighting, warring world, how Jesus said, “ *Peace, be still!* ”

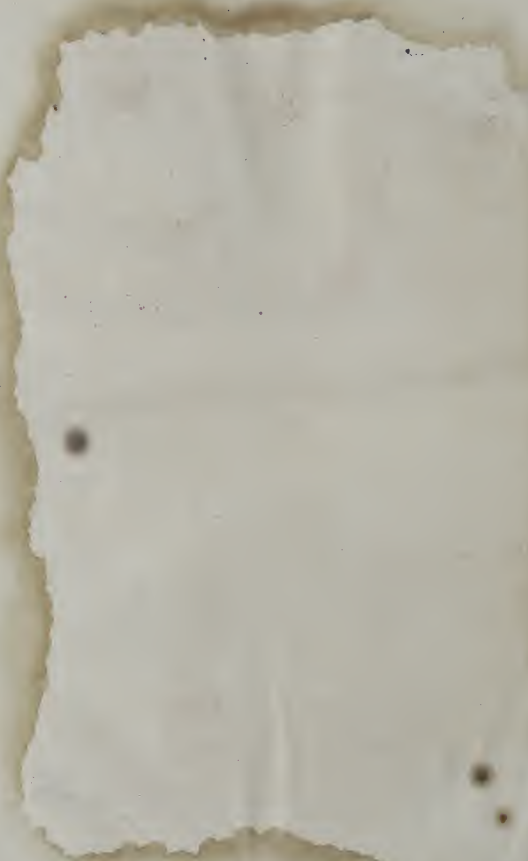
Go, little book, speed thy way into every family and every school, and say to all angry, fighting children, —

“PEACE, BE STILL!”

March 23 1891



JUVENILE





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